

the Gardner archives
ROLLICKING SONGS AND BALLADS

THE
RAKISH RHYMER

Or Fancy Man's
Own Songster and Reciter



LUTETIA

SMALL LIMITED EDITION

*Privately Printed for the Members of the Sport's Club
In the third Year of the World-War*

—
1917

THE RAKISH RHYMER

(IN THE PRESS)

THE AMOROUS POEMS
OF THE RIGHT HON.
THE EARL OF HARRINGTON

TO WHICH IS ADDED
THE DUKE OF ARGYLL'S LEVEE

AND
SOME BALLADS
BY THE LATE LORD BINNING



THE
RAKISH RHYMER

Or Fancy Man's
Own Songster and Reciter



LUTETIA

SMALL LIMITED EDITION

*Privately Printed for the Members of the Sport's Club
In the Year of the World-War*

—
1917

THE RAKISH RHYMER

STOP THE CART!

*A favourite Song, written by Mr. John Labern, and sung
at the Coal Hole Tavern, by Mr. J. W. Sharpe.*

A smart young country chap named Giles

Fal lal de ral de ral de ral de ra —

Courted a lass named Peggy Miles,

Fal de ral, &c.

They lived in Honeysuckle Lane,

Not a thousand miles from Salisbury Plain —

He with his dad, she with her dame,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

Miss Peggy was genteel and tall,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

My eyes! such limbs, such charms, and all!

Fal lal de ral, &c.

Giles used to call on her each day,

And slily wink at Peg, and say —

‘If we were wed, ’cod ~~wouldn’t~~ we play

At fal lal de ral, &c.

No doubt, Miss Peggy thought

Fal de ral, &c.

Though she tried to frown, but it wouldn't do —

Fal de ral, &c.

So putting on one of her usual smiles,

'The proof of the pudding' — (says Peggy Miles) —

Is in the eating, Master Giles,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

At last the mother gave consent,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

And in a crack to church they went,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

Mamma she furnished the room so gay —

Chairs, carpets, tables, and a bed they say,

With a patent spring to help them play

At fal lal de ral, &c.

Some pals of Giles, with anger rife,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

To think he had taken to himself a wife,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

Betted him ten pounds he couldn't keep

Love's dues from Peg three nights, but sleep

And not so much as take a peep

At fal lal de ral, &c.

Giles eyed the cash, and said 'How will you —

Fal lal de ral, &c.

Know if I do, or do not do?"

Fal lal de ral, &c.

We're safe to know it, they all said —

'Righto!' cries Giles — 'the wager's laid —

'All is done except the maid, '

Fal lal de ral, &c.

The first night Peg impatient lay,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

The second came, but he didn't play

At fal lal de ral, &c.

So to tell her ma she straight began —

Says Peg, 'I don't admire his plan,

'He ought to know the whole duty of man, '

Fal lal de ral, &c.

'It's going too far, ' said the Dame in huff,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

Says Peg 'It's not going half far enough!'

Fal lal de ral, &c.

'Never mind, ' says Ma, 'wait another night,

'And I'll move the goods away outright,

'If he doesn't do the thing wot's right. '

Fal lal de ral, &c.

The third night Giles did not intrude,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

Peg thought his modesty was rude,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

When twelve o'clock arrived next day,

Giles won the bet — came home quite gay,

Just as the goods were moving away,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

A bedstead stood in the room 'tis said —

Fal lal de ral, &c.

Giles did not wait for any bed,

Fal lal de ral, &c.

The warmth of love so fired his heart,

Giles got so well up in his part,

That Peg cried ' Mother, stop the cart !'

Fal lal de ral, &c.

The mother cried ' Too late my dear !'

Fal lal de ral, &c.

' I've got the gods ! ' — ' No, mother, they're here !'

Fal lal de ral, &c.

' Bring back the bed !' — ' How can I, when

've just now put it out ?' — ' Why, then

'll mak e Giles put it up again !'

Fal lal de ral, etc.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS.

A PARODY.

*Written by F. C. Perry, and sung by Mr. J. W. Sharpe,
H. Henry, Moody, and Ross.*

There's a good time coming, boys
A good time coming,
When little boys they shall not smoke,
But live much longer and not croak,
In the good time coming ;
And little girls be home at ten,
Much bigger grow and stronger
And not run after clean old men,
But wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
When swells shall dress a deal more neat
In leather breeches clean and sweet,

In the good time coming ;
And meddle not with others' wives,
But be at home the stronger,
And not take Balsam all their lives,
But wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
When servant maids shall never lack,
Nor lie so often on the back,
In the good time coming ;
Child dropping then shall not be known,
But marriage be the stronger,
And tradesmen shoot their loads at home,
But wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
When fleshy grouping won't be known
Except the *groping* done at home,
In the good time coming ;
The Hall of Rome, then shall not be
To make our courage stronger,
Nor ladies show their little
But wait a little longer.

There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
When dogs that run upon four feet,
Shall not go rasping in the street,
In the good time coming ;
Nor cabmen water at the wheel,
They couldn't come it stronger,
I wonder what the young maids feel,
But wait a little longer.
There's a good time, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
When Publicans shall be the chaps,
And not expose their dirty flaps,
In the good time coming ;
And may all London be survey'd,
To find out smells the stronger,
They'll clean out dirty holes 'tis said,
But wait a little longer.
There's a good time, &c.

THE CATALOGUE.

Written and sung by Mr. A. Fry, at the Coal Hole Tavern

TUNE — “ *The Great Sea Snake* ”

The covies calls me Chanting Joe,
 Acos they knows I do sing
The sort of songs wot isn't low,
 But genteel and amusing,
I never chaunts no vulgar song,
 Like many of my betters —
I means the swells wot comes it strong,
 With K. T. on the shutters.
Tol de rol, &c.

I keeps a catalogue of all
 The regular out and outers —
Such screaming songs as the ‘ *White Squall*, ’
 I leaves to other shouters.

‘ Blow high, blow low, ’ is not no go,
No more is ‘ Gentle Harry, ’
But ‘ Lucy Long, ’ and ‘ Alice Lowe, ’
Oh, ‘ I should like to marry ! ’

Tol de rol, &c.

Now ‘ Black-eyed Susan ’ makes me weep,
And so does ‘ Alice Gray, ’ too —
‘ Will Watch the Smuggler’s gone to sleep.
And so is ‘ Lilian May, ’ too.
‘ The Woman wot studied the stars ’ I prize —
‘ I love her, how I love her ! ’
‘ Sich a getting up stairs ’ with the ‘ Two Miss Thighs, ’
And the ‘ Cove wot’s going to cover ! ’

Tol de rol, &c.

‘ Miss Tickletohy ’ you have heard —
You’ve heard too ‘ Barney Buntling ’ —
And how ‘ Bill Jenkins got interr’d ’
With ‘ The squire wot went a hunting, ’
You’ve heard me sing about ‘ Old Guy ’ —
‘ My cousin wot swallow’d sich learning ’ —
The ‘ Naughty Cock Sparrow wot had a fly
With the wife of a friend t’other morning. ’

Tol de rol, &c.

‘ George Robin ’ with his lots of lip,
‘ Bout things as clear as crystal —

‘ Joe Wiggins’ — he who took a trip
 Inside the coach to Bristol.
 ‘ The Milliner’s Maid,’ — ‘ The Cotton Balls,’
 ‘ The Watch’ — and’ ‘ Levy’s Museum’ —
 And that ere chap wot overhauls

What the ladies take to church wi’em!

Tol de rol, &c.

In course you’ve heard about the trip
 Prince Albert and the Queen took
 And how the sailors guv’d ’em flip,
 Because they would’nt mean look.
 And how King Louis, wide awake,
 When they had made the passage,
 Ax’d little Vic what she would take —
 She of course said : ‘ German sausage.’

Tol de rol, &c.

‘ The Cattle Show’s ’ a stunning song —
 ‘ The New Cartoon’s ’ another —
 ‘ The Watering Places ’ smells só strong —
Dinna ken its brother.
 ‘ The Ballet Girl’ was once the rage,
 ‘ Also ‘ My First floor Lodger — ’
 Till ‘ The Mots of Old’ came on the stage
 And taught them both to sodger,

Tol de rol, &c.

The maid wot advertised one day
For a man to come and wed her --
But sent a spoony cove away,
Because he couldn't tread her.
' Wat's a woman like ? ' why every loon
Knows — very like a fiddle —
' Cause he who wants to play a tune,
Must rasp 'em in the middle.

Tol de rol, &c.

' Joe Buggins ' and his randy mot —
The gal wot took the news in —
The ' Gard'ner, ' and a precious lot
Wot popp'd their ' Jolly Nose' in.
My list of Songs I've now run through —
But when I gets some new ones,
You'll find the chaunts I offer you
Not vulgar, though they're blue ones.

Tol de rol, &c.

PADDY MILES AND THE MERMAID.

*A popular song, written by Labern and sung at the
principal concerts.*

Paddy Miles was a fisherman, young and light-hear-
And a very respectable living did get, [ted,
Except, when the Ocean his hard labours thwarted,
Then it was'nt all profit that came to his net.
He wanted but one thing and that was a wife, sir,
To keep his mud mansion in order arrayed ;
Says Pat, " I've caught many things in my life, sir,
The most difficult thing is in catching a maid. "

One day Pat was fishing upon the salt ocean,
And catching red-herrings and sprats in galore ;
When a sight met his eye, put him all in commotion,
Such a one in his life he ne'er seen before.
'Twas a beautiful Mermaid, as naked as Venus,
A washing her bubbies and combing her hair ;
Says Paddy, " There's only a few waves between us,
I'll *waive* that, and row alongside of my fair. "

“ Good morning, my sweet water wagtail, ” cried

[Paddy,

“ I blush to behold you a-floundering about ;

Quite stripped to your buff, are you sure that your

[daddy

And mammy's aware that your maidship is out ?

For surprising you thus, Angel, don't think me cruel,

'Twas seeing you in the sea, taking such dabs ;

There's nothing like cleanliness. is there, my jewel,

No doubt it's a rare place for catching the *crabs*. ”

She replied with a wink, “ Mr. Pat, I've a notion,

You want to be green *cos* you live on green land ;

How can I be out when the bed of the ocean

Is my downy bed, tho' it's made out of sand. ”

Says Pat, “ Oh, for shame, you may think me *of-fish-*

If you are a maid it's to me very odd ; [us

You're a very loose fish tho' you look so delicious,

To sleep in a bed with cock-salmon or cod. ”

“ Well, I'm sure, Mr, Pat, now, ” says she, “ and

[that's flat now,

You are a nasty base fellow for thinking me frail ;

Then to all the soft-roes don't I turn up my nose,

If ever they venture to turn up my tail. ”

Says Pat, “ I ax pardon, my little divinity,

Come home, sweet Ann-Chovy, I'll make you my

[bride ;

Put your fin to mine, tho' there's little affinity
And your flesh and mine will be flesh *fishified*. "

Says she, " I shall be like a fish out of water. "

" I've never seen Ireland, " says Pat, " you've seen
[*whales*,

You sweet little fish-fag, I'll give you fair quarter,

Weigh it well in your mind, you've got plenty of
[*scales*.

Take the weeds from your hair, or they'll swear you
[re a *widdy*,

Let's take to our *heels*, love, and *skate* off apace ;

I've plenty of music, my Billingsgate Biddy,

And I'll be the *sole* that shall tickle your *plaiice*. "

All the time Pat was coaxing, his net he kept drag-
[ging,

Determined she shouldn't long sing : " I'm Afloat ; "

Her little green tail kept on wagging and wagging,

Till he caught it, and pulled it slap into the boat.

But judge Paddy's feelings, when, quizzing her well he

Found out he was balked in his amorous wish ;

She was only a female just down to her belly,

And what should have been *mutton* was nothing
[but *fish* !

Says Pat, " You base minx, if you're made like your
[mother,

How your father made you is a puzzle to me ;

'Tis true you're a maid made unlike any other,
And a maid all your life-time you're likely to be.
Go back to your cod's home and cock salmon's daddy."
Then plump in the sea the fish-fag he consigned ;
" Give me a maid made in the right way, " says Pad-
[dy,
With a passage in *front* tho' she's minus *behind*.

GUTTA PERCHA THINGS.

Written by F. C. PERRY.

AIR — “ *King and the Countryman* ”.

Now Gutta Percha's all the rage,
With a friend of mine, one Mr. Page ;
He fell in love with young Miss C.,
And she was very fond of he.

Tu ral, &c.

He took her everywhere about,
But this Gutta Percha made her shout ;
Says Page, “ Miss C., I'll have you yet,
Tho' I lost my *rule*, and all thro' Bet. ”

Tu ral, &c.

You must know that P. had but a stump,
So of Gutta Percha he got a lump ;
Stuck it on to his Belly instead of a P.,
And off he toddled to sweet Miss C.

Tu ral, &c.

She saw the shape and felt it too,
P. ask'd her " if she thought 'twould do. '
" Put out the candle, " says Miss C.,
For I've made up my mind to taste your P. "
Tu ral, &c.

He set to work, she liked it well,
The first turn was just one hour's spell ;
But both being hot, as quiet they lay,
Till the percha began to melt away.
Tu ral, &c.

She put her hand on a certain part,
And *took it* very much to heart ;
" Why, bless my stars, " exclaimed Miss C.,
" Why you've wore away the whole of your P. " !
Tu ral, &c.

He left the house, the stupid fool,
While she was cursing his percha rule ;
" Oh, here's a mess what can it be ?
I'll send for the snob, " says dear Miss C.
Tu ral, &c.

The cobbler came and had a sight,
Then went at her left and right ;
And ever since they've been together,
He tans, in style, dear Miss C's. leather.
Tu ral, &c.

THE WIFE'S RANDY DREAM.

Written by F. G. PERRY. — Sung by W. H. SHARPE.

Parody on “ *the Wife's Dream.* ”

Now tell me Sarey, how it is, that you can rest all day,
When evening after evening, your old man is away ;
You does'nt seem to care a pin nor use an angry
[word,
And yet you likes a bit of *meat*, as well as *Wic.*, I've
[heard,
“ It is because, my Betty, dear, my husband gads
[about,
And tho' he's *out*, he's sometimes *in*, and then I go
[without ;
But you know how it oft becomes, a woman's lot
[through life,
To wait till morning for a *bit*, altho' a *longing* wife.

“ And yet I can recall the time, it used to *raise its*
head, [I said ;
And sometimes *hurt* me very much, what *stupid things*,

I never thought that I could be, as *easy*, now I seem,
 But every *move* to me's forgot by a very funny dream.
 One evening, lately, as I *stood* inside the *closet door*,
 I saw my husband hard at *work* with a nasty big Jack

W — — ;

[said,

I then began to curse and swear, and winding up, I
 I'll never taste his meat again, you *brute*, I wish you
 dead.

“ They say, the jealous cannot rest, but surely 'tis

[not so,

For very soon, I fell asleep, on the kitchen stairs below .
 I dream'd I had my wish fulfill'd, my old man was

no more,

[o'er.

His bit of meat was hanging out, I *strok'd* it o'er and
 You dirty darling, speak to me, I meant not what I
 said,

[not all dead ; ”

Speak, speak a word to poor old Sal, and say you're
 ‘ No more I'm not, my Sarey dear, ’ I woke up with
 a scream,

[a dream.

He was trying to get aboard o'me, his death was but

“ And since that night, when'er I feel disposed to be
 unkind,

I think about the dream I had, so let him have a grind ;
 And tho' it costs me many a pound, to cure his *dirty*
deeds,

I always *take him* with a smile, because a *go* he needs.

I'll daily put my trust in gin, may it give me strength
to bear, [know where ;

The trials sent us, female souls, when men *go*, you
So if with gals he should get bit, and get *it burnt* for
life,

I hope he'll keep away from home nor give it to his
wife. "

THE FRISKY COUNTRY LASS.

As cross the fields the other day,
The Squire gaily prest,
He met with Patty drest so gay,
In clothes the very best.
“ Ah, ah, ” he said, “ my charming lass,
I’ve caught you in the nick. ”
So seating her upon the grass,
Why he pulled out his
Pretty book with paintings fair,
Which she was pleased to see,
Then he his passion did declare,
Which she received with glee.

In amorous sport awhile they toyed,
Love beamed in Patty’s eye,
The Squire her tender looks enjoyed,
And often breathed a sigh ;
She seemed so glad, it drove him mad,
His manners were quite blunt,

THE RAKISH RHYMER

Such killing ways young Patty had,
He quickly seized her
Curly locks as black as jet,
Which did her bead bedeck,
They curled around her forehead white,
And sported on her neck.

Young Patty still much warmer grew,
The Squire was warmer still,
So they to other freedoms flew,
To ease their loving will ;
The Squire he kissed her bosom white,
And rolled her on the grass ;
Her dress was soon disordered quite,
So he beheld her
Alabaster graceful thighs,
Which might a monarch win ;
And while he feasted thus his eyes,
To work he did begin.

Locked firmly in each other's arms,
What blisses soon they found,
The Squire he fondled o'er her charms,
As they lay on the ground ;
Says he, ' You are my only joy, '
' La ! Squire, ' says she ' you joke,
But as our time we should employ,
How I should like a

Stroll along the meadows green.
The Squire he felt light-hearted ;
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
He kissed her till she parted.

THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON.

Written by F. C. PERRY. AIR — “ *George Robins.* ”

The Mysteries of London one Reynolds did write,
But I would advise him *to get up things right* ;
But when he'd made mention of all he saw pass,
He may just take a run up my old lady's
Astonishing passage where dad makes it right.
By *running* about it both morning and night.

CHORUS

So gents, take no notice, but pass with a frown,
All words with two meanings in country and town.

I speak of pawnbrokers where *things* often stop,
If the *wind*, folks are *raising*, in public they pop ;
And how is it ladies make so many calls ?
Why, they're attracted by his jolly great — *balls*,
Just three in number and all looking bright,
What a sight for a lady when lock'd out all night.
So gents, &c.

When speaking of people the truth is no bore,
See chaps on the river how they *work* at the *oar*,
In a boat before females those words I've heard spoke
'Now which of you ladies will take a nice
Stroke with the sculls — will you — with the bun?'
She answers, 'Excuse me, last week I had one.'

So gents, &c.

Then you walk to the market with your wife for a treat,
And see some old butcher exposing his meat,
She thinks the joint heavy, when he tells her blunt,
He'll cut, if she pleases, a lump of the coun —
Try fed pork, she gat in her hand,
When she exclaims, '*At it is, let it STAND.*'

So gents, &c.

A great many rum *things* in London you'll find,
A gal calls the tinker when she wants a grind;
Then speaking of saucepans, 'tis wrong on my soul,
To hear a chap offer to *stop* a maid's *hole*;
He means in the saucepan she's brought to the door,
She points to the hole, and he stops it, you're sure.

So gents, &c.

And then there's the baker will say with a grin,
I'll attend to your dinner and soon *put it in*;
If your wife's boot is tight the snob comes to fetch it
Saying marm, don't it fit, then I had better stretch it.

He goes, and your wife will this question ax,
'What smells?' when you find, he's just dropp'd
his *wax*.

So gents, &c.

So virtue and vice often travel together,
And I dare say, sometimes, they are both fond of
leather ;

I've often at dinner heard my friend old Barratt,
Tell all the ladies to just take a carrot,
Or else, meat and greens before they took pudding's,
Saying all folks get stout, so all *stuff* like good uns.

BETTY AND JOE.

A Parody on "*Jeannette and Jeannot.*"

Written by F. C. PERRY, and sung by J. W. SHARD.

Music sold at 17, Holborn, opposite Furnival's Inn.

You are going Joe, away, far away from your poor

Bet —

There'll be no one left to love me but you I'll not forget,

For this heart will be with you, when on a different
beat you go —

Can you look me in the mug, and say the same, old Joe ?

When you wear the coat of blue, and the slap-up
shiney tile,

You'll be just like a raw lobster that has not had a
bite —

With your truncheon in your pocket, and your cape
hung by your side,

You'll be taking some young housemaid, and be
making her your bride.

And when you go away, you'll be madly rushing on,
Not thinking if you cook 'em, that their happiness is
gone — [be,
Or should you get on well, perhaps a sergeant you may
Though I likes to think on that, what will become of
me ? [own,
Oh, where I Queen to-day, my will should be my
I'd have no Peelers walk abroad, nor lushy swells
from home — [their might,
All men should be in bed, and good wives assert
And the men be kept well under, and all things will
go on right.

Miss Bet, I like your speaking, but I understand my
trade,
Of feeling young swells' pockets, to see what can be
made — [knee,
Or shove'em on a stretcher, and strap each hand and
Or get up a case at Newgate, and get extra pay, do
yer see ? [Joe,
But as to gals, my charming Bet, no other one's for
For I recollect the bits of brown you give me down
below. [cease,
So a buss my charming Betty — let all your crying
For your Joey is a stunner, and in the New Police !

JOBSON BROWN.

AIR — “*Brother-in-Law.*”

At some distance off in a bustling town,
An old cobbler lived, by name, Jobson Brown;
A maiden dwelt there who found grace in his sight,
She bore a *fair* name, namely, Miss *Biddy White*.
Gay Jobson had heard of Miss Biddy's renown,
And waxed warm in love, till he made Miss *White-*
Brown;
But ere half the honeymoon the y had burnt through,
Mrs. Brown changed colour and turned *black* and *blue*.

CHORUS.

Raw, tau, tat; tat, ta, ta, taw,
For petting and stretching he was the man.

Old Jobson was one who stuck close to his trade,
And many a tight fit quite easy he made;
He found a tight fit in Miss Biddy, 'tis true,
' But, ' said Jobson, ' I'll stretch her like a tight shoe.

I'll just warm the wax and take off the rough,
For tho' leather's tough, 'tis good stretching stuff :
And *lapstones* improve the best leather by pelting,
And every good *sole* deserves a good welting. '

Raw, tau, &c.

To work his own ends Jobson taught her to open a nick,
Then he learn'd her to *close* and move very quick .
She then managed the *seams* with a button atop ;
At *stabbing* and *pegging* she never would stop .
In short, all the craft she did soon understand,
From the moment she took *Jobson's awl* in her *hand*.
So by stitching and stretching by night and by day,
They made their *ends meet* in a *family way*.

Raw, tau, &c.

The best of all women you'll find has a gap ;
For which Job gave no credit altho' he gave *strap*,
And to keep Biddy under and hold his command,
He slept every night with his *awl* in his *hand*.
Then arm'd for attack, as so it would seem,
A ghost came to Jobson, that is, in his dream ;
' Arise,' cried the spirit, 'quick, as you're bidden,
Follow me, and I'll show you where treasure is hidden ."

Raw, tau, &c.

So up Jobson rose and armed with his awl,
He followed the ghost till they came to a wall ;

'Dig here,' said the ghost, 'time must not be delayed.'

Said he: 'I'll run home for my pickaxe and spade.

To know the spot I'll just shove in my awl.'

He was roused from his sleep by a terrible squall

But he found out too late, the disaster to mend,

He had stuck his awl into his wife's latter end.

Raw, tau, &c.

THE IDIOT BOY.

AIR — “*Shove her Up.*”

Down in yonder village a Parson us'd to dwell,
And some queer tales about his tail the people used
to tell ;

He had a stately mansion and very comely bride,
Besides, he kept some servant girls and often used to
ride. Fol lol de tol.

Beside the Parson's gardens did a humble cottage stand,
And from its small back window you might look o'er
all his land : [son,

Wherein an aged widow lived with her poor idiot
Who, many a time unseen had viewed, the Parson's
private fun. Fol lol de tol.

Said the Parson, ‘ Your back premises f'll have stopp'd
with bricks, [tricks,
And send away your stupid son, to stop his monkey

Said she, ' No we will stop here whatever may betide,
And at your peril dare to put one brick in my back-
side. ' Fol lol de tol.

Once at the window idiot Dick as usual quite unseen,
With watering mouth the priest he viewed, all tempt-
ing red and green ; [waiting maid
When there the master brought a wench, miscalled
And there a game at blind all-fours this couple quietly
played. Fol lol de tol.

They played the game so brisk and rough, it caused
some fruit to fall, [the wall ;
Which tempted the poor idiot Dick to scramble o'er
And thinking not of doing wrong, he picked up plum
and pear,
Besides a letter and a purse, the Parson had left
there. Fol lol de tol.

Dick was searched, purse was found, and he to Parson
brought, [that you are caught ;
Said the priest, ' I'll have you hang'd, you rogue, now
Say how you got this purse ? ' Said Dick, ' Sir, I'll
soon tell'ee,
It fell out from your poke, good sir, while you were
poking Nelly. ' Fol lol de tol.

‘ Villain, rascal,’ said the priest, ‘ what does the fellow mean ?’ [seen ;

Said Dick, ‘ I’ll only tell your worship just what I had I saw thee stuffing she with fruit, but what seem strange of she,

She seemed to have another mouth, just up above her knee.’ Fol lol de tol.

‘ On the lips it had a hairy beard, it had no teeth but gums, [hung two plums :

When from your pocket you took out a stem where But Nelly munch’d the stump first and at it made no bones,

And after she had suck’d the plums she tried to crack the stones.’ Fol lol de tol.

These needs but little more to say to finish up the sequel. [parties equal ;

The Parson’s *shag* and Dick’s *returns* now made the He wisely hush’d the matter up and let them there reside,

And never after vow’d to put a brick in her backside. Fol lol de tol.

THE SPANISH GIANT.

*A popular song, written by Timothy Brown, and sung at
the Coal Hole Tavern.*

TUNE — “ *The Ballet Girl.* ”

The other day two sisters gay — Miss Jane and Mary
Brown —

Said they'd like like to see the Giant that had just
arrived in town. [did start —

Mamma preferr'd to stop at home, so I with them
Says she, for all the sights, my boy, I wouldn't give
a [a crown —

Farthing — no, nor half a one, although I wore
To see the largest made man that ever came to town.

We paid our money — toddled in, and round about
did stare — [seen there.

The room was full of emptiness, and no giant was
A gent, he begg'd we'd seated be — ‘ Pray ladies,
wait a bit — [to

The giant he will not be long — in short, he's gone

See a female friend below — a painter great and
grand, [stand.
Who this evening as a model is going to make him

Just then the giant toddled in — 'twas what we all
desir'd — [fired,
Miss Jane stood gazing long on him with admiration
When suddenly she started back, as if a thought had
struck her [could
Then boldly asked the giant if he thought that he
Find a lady in the land, who'd like to be his wife,
Sure, tis a pity such a large made man should lead
a single life.

Oh, yes, replied the giant — some time ago in
France, [chance.
With a lady young and beautiful I thought I had a
I hoped that she would fly with me, to dwell in
realms of bliss, [off to
But when I went to pop the question, she hurried
Pay a sudden visit, as I heard by inward groans,
To a lady that we all know well — a certain Missus
Jones.

The next one was a widow, forty, fat, and fair —
Her face was noble looking, though she hadn't got
much hair.

But what was better far to me, she'd bags of untold
blunt,

Yet one thing there I didn't like, she'd got such a
whopping [the sly,
Cousin Bob staying in her house, who, once upon
I caught doing a small job for her, and so I said good
bye.

Then he walked round and showed his muscle —
thought he ne'er had tired —

And the whole of his person each party much admired — [very quick

When just as we were coming away, he stopped us
And politely asked the company, if they'd like to
see his [from Spain —

Pin, and pair of precious stones, he'd brought away
If so he'd show them then and there, or when they
came again.

TIMOTHY BROWN, THE TAILOR.

*A celebrated Song, written by Timothy Brown, and sung
at the Coal Hole Tavern.*

TUNE — “ *Thimothy Brown, the Sailor.*”

Young Timothy Brown was a gay young chap,

And was with joy o'erladen —

When at a fancy ball one night,

He met a fair young maiden,

‘ Oh, won’t we have a dance to-night !’

ried Timothy Brown the tailor.

Oh, won’t we, &c.

‘ Come let us join the dance so quick !’

Cried this fair young maiden —

‘ You’ ll shake a leg with me, old flick ?’

Cried this fair young maiden.

‘ I believe ye, my boy ! Ay, like a brick !’

Says Timothy Brown, the tailor.

I believe you, &c.

Her dancing made the people stare,
 At this fair young maiden —
 She cocked her legs so high, I declare,
 Did this fair young maiden,
 ‘ Oh, it’s precious hot, and there ain’t much air !’
 Cried Timothy Brown, the tailor.
 Oh, it’s precious, &c.

He put on his tile to have a walk
 With this fair young maiden,
 And then of love began to talk
 To this fair young maiden,
 ‘ Oh, you’ve cabbaged my heart, and sewed me up !’
 Says Timothy Brown, the tailor.
 Oh, you’ve, &c.

‘ Your vows of love to me are stuff,’
 Cried this fair young maiden —
 ‘ I know I’m a duck, and that’s enough,’
 Cried the fair young maiden.
 ‘ You’re a duck that I should like to stuff !’
 Says Timothy Brown the tailor.
 You’re a duck, &c.

‘ You’re a nice young man, I do declare,’
 Says this fair young maiden —
 ‘ And you’ve got a werry seducing air,’
 Cried this fair young maiden.

‘ Then jump the broom with me, my dear’ —
Says Timothy Brown, the tailor.

Then jump, &c.

‘ Wot’s them words you said to me?’
Cried this fair young maiden.

‘ Take care, young man — don’t make too free,’
Says this fair young maiden.

‘ Oh, cheese it! or take it out of me’ —
Cried Timothy Brown, the tailor.

Oh, cheese it, &c.

Then she hit him a kick, and he felt the crack —
Oh, you false young maiden!

Then coloured his eyes with a little blue black,
Did this fair young maiden. [goose!]

‘ Oh, I found the sauce, and you’ve cook’d my
Cried Timothy Brown, the tailor.

Oh, I found, &c.

MORAL

Young men, when you go a leg to shake

With a slashing fine young maiden —

Don’t patter too fast, or liberties take

With young and tender maidens.

Or p’rhaps you’ll die the death of a rake,

Like Timothy Brown, the tailor.

Or p’rhaps, &c.

SHE'S GENTLE AS A TIGER.

A Popular Parody on '*The Scarlet Flower*' written by
Timothy Brown.

She's gentle as a tiger —

She stands just seven feet —

She's fatter than the fattest gal

Wot lives in Dyot Street.

Her legs are like a shepherd's crook

Turn'd in and out so free,

And her nose it shames the scarlet flower,

But tain't through drinking tea.

And her nose it shames the scarlet flower,

But tain't, &c.

Oh, would this scarlet blossom

From her lovely phiz depart,

I'd hug her to my buzzum,

And tog her out so smart.

But when the gammon to her I tip,

While out upon the spree,

She blushes like the scarlet flower

Wot blooms at No. 3.

She blushes like the scarlet flower,

Wot blooms, &c.

Oh, if a crib I did but own,

And a moke for her to ride,

I'd gladly share my browns with her,

And everything beside.

But though a tale of love I tip,

She cocks her nose at me,

That nose which shames the scarlet flower

Through drinking rather free!

That nose which shames the scarlet flower,

Through drinking, &c.

THE CARTOONS.

While strolling out the other day, with two young
friends from Clapham, (to cap 'em ;
As luscious maids as e'er was seen, I ne'er saw two
We got near old Westminster Hall, towards the
afternoon, sir, (toons, sir.
So at their wish I took 'em both to see the new Car-

There was such pressing to get in, I felt inclined to
hook it ; (they took it.
The women got so nicely shoved, but, lor! quite calm
I bought a catalogue of one who at the door was
centered, (entered,
For to inform our intellects the things had all been

While looking up at " Una, being carried off by
Satyrs, " (of creatures,
A lady next to me exclaimed, " Oh! the nasty set

Their intentions can't be hon'able, see how for aid
she stretches, (set of wretches ! "
And by the hair about their middle they're a shabby

" Good gracious me ! " cries one old frump, while
making sad contortions,
Who, 'stead of thinking of her grave, was quizzing
man's proportions,
Says she, " They are something like to men, and
though 'twould be a sweater,
If my old man knew half as much I should like him
ten times better. "

" Lawk ! " says her friend next to her, " such things
how can you tell us,
I should die beneath the smoke, I'm sure, of such
great strapping fellows ;
To have such pictures in a room the house must
soon be common,
And if Queen Agrippa gripp'd as much, oh ! she must
have been a rum un. "

" Eve at the Fountain, " looking how the bushy park
was growing,
Was a very rising cartoon, and set many young cocks
crowing ;

“ Cymocles in the Bower of Bliss, ” an old chap said
looked flagging,
For being in the bower of bliss they should represent
him bagging.

Where “ Boadicea animates the Britons ” was sur-
prising,
Her conversation to 'em all seem'd to cause a general
rising ;
But the artist's finest stroke was where she attacks
the Roman quarters,
For jamming up the centre piece, and fixing both
her daughters.

“ The Expulsion out of Paradise ” was a regular
first-rater, (of *natur'*,
And Eve was very much adorned, being in a state
It might have been a crack cartoon, but they left us
in a riddle, (middle ?
For who would give a fig to see a leaf stuck in the —

The girls about the naked pictures sported like young
kittens, (modern Britons ;
And declared the ancients larger made than all our
“ The landing of the Romans ” did a young girl
rarely please her,
Especially the middle leg of Mr. Julius Cæsar.

The ladies got so warm I to the door began them
handing, (been standing!

And I was in a dreadful state, for I'd all the time
My blood was in such a glow that, fearing something
might mishap 'em,

I shoved both of 'em in a cab, and took them home
to Clapham!

SO, I SAID TO MYSELF.

TUNE — "*Gentle Zitella.*"

One night I felt amorous, no money I had,
What was I to do, my case it was sad;
So I said to myself, as I'm quite out of luck,
On the bilk I must go, for I must have a
Funny adventure ere homeward I roam,
And get snug to bed in the old crib at home.

As I walked along whistling, there chanced to be going
The same way as I was, a smart little blowen;
How do you dear, says she, what tune's that you're
[humming?

Come along home with me, for I want a good
Strong young man, who some ochre has got,
I do, 'pon my honour, says this sly little

I then looked about, as cheek I'd no lack of,
For a suitable hovel to have this here rack-off.

Says she, as she entered one, this seems a fit house,
Says I, I don't like it, let's go in the
Shed that's close by, says she, very well,
It'll answer our purpose, but Oh ! what a smell !

With pleasure transported I gazed on her charms,
My blood at the sight of such things always warms ;
I put my arm round her waist, and began for to hug her,
When says she, shut the door first, you handy young
Booby ; she did, 'tis true, upon my civy,
This act " necessary " no one should be privy.

When our business was settled, I wished for to go,
At which she was nettled, and said, oh dear, no ;
She wanted a crown first, and begged I'd not tease her,
But tip like a man for the use of her
Body, which she to my last had resigned,
Says she, If you go 'till you do, strike me blind !

Says I, my old gal, you must think people funny
men,
Who'd drop you a crown for a fly in a dunniken.
Then she hit at me plump, and I made a quick stir,
Down on her rump came this cheeky young
Slut, so without any more words we parted,
And then for my bugwalk why I quickly started.

Some time after that I my taters was straining,
When all of a sudden I felt a great pain in

My pri — tes, and found I had no cause to thank her
For I went to a doctor who said 'twas a
Shocking bad case as ever he knew,
And then I discovered that I had the glue.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

TUNE — "*Bill Sticker*."

Miss Tickletohy kept a school, for she was deeply
read, sirs,

And being an old maid, of course, she lived at Maidenhead, sirs,

She only took young ladies in, and made a deal of
pelf, sirs,

For she taught them vulgar fractions, and she boarded
them herself, sirs. Bow wow, &c.

The house was situated in a very pleasant station,
'Twas an opening for any girl, and an airy situation,
A mossy lawn, too, graced the front, like country
ones displayed is,

Two milk white stones before the door, and a yard
for all the ladies. Bow wow, &c.

Miss Tickletohy, you must know, was clever and the
fact is,
That anything she took in hand she'd put it into
practice ;

Sometimes she'd use the ladies rough, before her
rage got cooler,
And if the cane was not enough, she'd make 'em take
the ruler. Bow wow, &c.

Sometimes she'd take an int'rest in them, and never
jaw a word,
But say they'd feel the benefit if they'd push them-
selves more forward ;
In writing they did most excel, there was beauty in
each letter,
And tho' they did the up-stroke well, they could do
a down-stroke better. Bow wow, &c.

A dashing squire, who lived close by, and had ac-
quired some riches,
Had often longed to put it up the school-girls' white
frill breeches ;
He strove in vain to speak, as by his house would
pass these lasses,
But the tickletoby lady always dangled at their
masses. Bow wow, &c.

At last he dressed himself up neat as a maiden young
and blooming,
And to the old maid's school repaired, the smock-
faced miss assuming,

The old frump soon admitted him with her cock-
eye brightly glist'ning,
For he really looked as modest as an old w—e at a
christ'ning. Bow wow, &c.

A new face pleased the ladies, and they made them-
selves quite handy,
They pull'd and hugg'd him so about, the squire got
precious randy ;
At last bed-time came on, they all retired at Mur-
phy's urgings,
And the squire he tumbled in between two plump
and blooming virgins. Bow wow, &c.

They hadn't long been in the bed, when one of them,
Miss Molly,
Must needs get g——, when her hand run bang
against his folly ;
What's this? cries she ; — My rule, says he, of an-
swers he'd a quick 'un ;
Says she, then 'tis the rule of three, for it's such a
precious thick 'un. Bow wow, &c.

I never handled one so stout, says she, how do you
use it?
Says he, if you'll divide your foes, I'll soon prove, if
you choose it.

Then cramming his great ruler in, the beauteous
revision,
He taught her how to multiply, and make a long
division. Bow wow, &c.

She learnt her lesson so by heart, she wasn't long at
cypher,
And days and weeks among 'em all he figured in
their kyfer;
When shocked one day Miss T. observed the servant
girl, Moll Kelly,
And all the ladies in the school, had a swelling in
the belly. Bow wow, &c.

The old maid stormed, their parents came, but off
the young squire pops he ;
Some said 'twas summat in the air, the girls swore
'twas the dropsy ;
When the doctor came to tap 'em, and to draw off
all their water,
He tapped 'em each a thumping son, or else a thum-
ping daughter. Bow wow, &c.

To steal just thirty maiden's heads, cries the old maid,
what a glutton !
Before my school should have been disgraced, I'd
have sacrificed my mutton.

She swore in future all who came, to know the right
from the wrong 'uns,

She turn up every one and feel if their stings were
long or short uns.

THE ROYAL PASSAGE.

AIR — "*Ballooning.*"

Victoria and Albert, as the sun was nice and hot,
Took a trip to France the other day on board the
royal yacht;
No royal squalls they wanted, on the sea their nerves
to frighten,
So as the kids were very dull they sent them off to
Brighton.

They took water while the sky was making water
royally,
The Southampton mayor and corporation, like men
true and loyally,
Because the Queen's pathway was wet, the air with
shouts still rings,
They stripped themselves, while she walked over all
their scarlet things.

On their barges, in the royal barge, amid the cannon's roars,

They squatted down and trusted to a lot of steady oars !

No disordered characters were there, yet folks were in such rapture,

She had a warm reception, for 'most' every body clapped her.

The yacht got under weigh, and off went Albert and his spouse ;

As the sky blue now was turning, they made their way to Cowes ;

The Queen had oft before admired her privates and her body guards,

Yet nothing pleased her more than when the sailors manned their yards.

Being troubled with a deal of wind, and also with the tide,

They thought they'd both retire to rest before they went to Ryde,

The Prince declared the sea so rough, altho' 'twas awful grand,

So they both lay in the Roads that night, for Albert could not stand.

In the morn they rose up early, and again stood out
for sea,
And made their way for Weymouth, more pointedly
to see
The celebrated Needles, 'bout which there has been
such a din,
When the Queen declared she'd any time much
sooner see a pin.

They passed the great Breakwater, which gained the
Queen's attraction ;
The stones of which it was composed, she expressed
great satisfaction ;
At Devonport they dropped in among their many
calls,
And saw the yards about the docks, and examined
all the balls.

King Louis twigged her royal stern, and made to get
towards her,
He jumped pell mell upon his barge, and very soon
did board her,
He hugged and kissed her pretty cheeks in quite a
foreign way,
But which two ~~CHEEKS~~ the morning papers hadn't
cheek to say.

Towards the shore of Treport their way they did
pursue,

Says the King, it won't be long before we all get
into Eu!

When they put their feet on foreign soil, guns fired
were from each port,

And the sailors on the *poop*, too, made a precious
loud *report*.

Four days they stuffed right royally, King Philippe
sarved them out,

He'd got some London porter there to make Victoria
stout;

They spent their time in hunting, their agility looked
droll,

They got riding in the forest, and were merry on the
whole.

At last she thought she heard the young 'uns kicking
up a breeze,

So she took French leave of Louis, and his foreign
fricassees.

And to stop the race of little kids, a warning to our
betters,

Her Majesty I'm told brought home a stock of large
French letters.

At length they got to Brighton, and the Prince was
heard to say,

He was glad to see a watering-place, for he wanted
all the way.

Then prosperity attend them both, let's shout until
we're hoarse,

"Here's the Queen's *Naval* Department," and all
under it, of course.

YARHOO DOODLE.

*Written by Aaron Fry, and sung by Mr. R. Glindon
at the Cider Cellars.*

AIR — “ *Lunnun is the Devil.* ”

Come list awhile to me,
While a tale I do unfold, sir,
'Twas of some nasty blacks,
Cannibals, I'm told, sir.
On an island 'twas they dwelt,
Somewhere near the Western Indies,
Of human grub they smelt,
And they kicked up gallus shindies.

Now these cannibals had a king,
A lumpy fighting master,
And none of his subjects like him
Could fight or eat grub faster.
This king proclaimed a war,
With his neighbour Yarhoo Dunky,

His Jinny he'd have, he swore,
Which made poor Yarhoo funky.

Now when the war began,
Poor Yarhoo soon was taken,
His Jinny they exorcised,
And fried him into bacon.
The king wore Yarhoo's top,
And with fighting feeling drowsy,
He slept, but when he woke
He diskivered he was lousy.

Now Yarhoo's pretty wife
A prisoner soon was took, sir,
She begged hard for her life,
And offered to be his cook, sir.
" Well, " said the king to her,
" As you're to be my slavey,
Before you cook my grub,
Let me taste your gravy. "

Now this pair together lived,
Long time as man and wife, sir,
'Till death ended their tricks,
By taking away his life, sir.
While hunting in the woods one day,
With his neighbour Wigwam Noodle,
A snake took it into his head
To bite off his skinny doodle.

But the reptile after this
Never could have a bit of quiet
When the warmint went to
He kicked up a gallus riot.
The females fought like hell,
And each of her sex was bragging,
They'd be dam'd if ought could excel
The rattlesnake for wagging.

So morning, noon, and night,
The snakes they all kept knocking,
'Till they all got into such a plight,
O to name it were quite shocking !
The disorder ran so high,
It not only gnaw'd the top off,
But, having no doctors by,
Every Jinny there did drop off.

MORAL

All you young men so bold,
That women will run arter,
Your amorous feelings hold,
Or use lots of soap and water
Or, like his degraded race,
Into nothing you may dwindle
And feel the sad disgrace
To miss your precious spindle.

THE TWO COTTON BALLS

(Sung by Rhodes at the Cider Cellars.)

AIR — “ *My Lord Tomnoddy.* ”

In a sung little town situate in the west,
Where the ladies are pretty, and always well drest
Like a rose in a valley bloom'd Mary Dunbar
'Neath the eye of her care-taking grand-mamma.
Her lips were pouting, her cheeks were plump,
And her back fell in at the top of her hump,
Which, like Parian marble, was hard and white,
And her hair was as black as the shadows of night.
Which might e'en the heart of a hermit beguile —
She was fairer than fitted the daughters of sin,
And just of that age when they want a put in.

To dispel their ennui, and keep away gloom,
The townfolks had built an Assembly Room,
Where young ladies and gents, could exhibit their
skill,
In the Waltz, the Mazourka, and mazy Quadrille —

Young Mary Dunbar every ball night was seen,
'Till the summers she'd numbered about seventeen :
She would trip like a fair Terpsichorean fay,
Till chanticleer's crowing proclaim'd it was day.
But now her old grandmother told her that she
To her dancing again could never agree.
And when Mary ask'd why, with a feeling of dread,
She answer'd — " You'll dance down your young
virgin's head ! "

In about a week after it happened to fall, —
From some cause or other was given a ball,
And Mary receiving a pressing invite,
Told her granny that she would'nt dance all the
night ; [press,
But when she came there, how the young men did
But Mary resolved that she would'nt transgress
'Till one forward young fellow enquired the cause,
When she told him with blushes, and many a pause,
How her granny had warned her from dancing at all,
For fear that her virginhood should have a fall —
" Oh," says he, " if that's all, why your terrors are
vain,
I've a needle and thread and can stitch it again. "

They hadn't danc'd long, when she said, " Sir, I fear
My virginhood's slipping ! " Said he — " Step in
here. "

'Twas a little dark room, so with needle and thread
That Nature had given he stitched on her head.
Of his stitching proficiency there was no doubt,
For his needle he briskly push'd in and pull'd out.
It was so very large that it struck her with dread,
But he told her 'twas made so to carry the thread.
Says she, " If that's all I suppose it's quite right —
You're welcome my dearest, to stitch me all night.
And you'll never want thread, for whatever befalls,
For I've got a tight hold of your two cotton balls."

Then they went after this in the ball-room again,
But quiet poor Mary could not long remain ;
She was found getting nervous — quite full of alarms,
And nigh fainting away in her dear partner's arms —
For scarcely the next short quadrille was got o'er
When the fast'nings gave way — it was slipping once
more,

So again he laid hold of her fast by the breech
And snoved his needle as far as 'twould reach.
A third and forth time it happened — when she
Cried — " It's slipping again, and I fear 'twill get
free ?

O what shall I do with my poor virgin-head ! "

" You must lose it by gosh, for I've got no more
thread. "

THE FRANKFORT AFFAIR.

A lowe Ditty.

AIR — “ *King and C(o)untryman.* ”

I'll chaunt you a ditty that's founded on facts,
It's about Bobby Peel's new income tax,
But it's caus'd quite as much a sensation, I know,
As the loves of Lord Frankfort and sweet Alice
Lowe. Ri tu ral, &c.

You must know that his lordship (it plainly appears)
Had cut his old woman for several years.
As to living alone, he didn't like that,
So he thought he'd look out for a bit of old hat.
Ri tu ral, &c.

Next day as his lordship was crossing the hall,
A daughter of Thespis by chance gave a call —
She said that her benefit was on the *morrer*.
And hop'd that his lordship would do something
for her. Ri tu ral, &c.

Says his lordship I'll give you as much as I can.

Says she you mistake me — I don't want a man :

But touching that point (and she'd make your flesh
quiver),

I've a friend that will take all your lordship can give
her. Ri tu ral, &c.

Make it right, says Lord Franky, as you're going
back —

Satisfaction I'll give the dear girl — in a crack !

Don't fail my dear M. for I'd fain press her lips

And, damme, I'll promise to fill both your slips.

Ri tu ral, &c.

Next night, as his lordship was taking his wine,

And conjuring how to get maids in a line,

The Actress's friend in his presence did pop,

Says she, pay my cab, for I've come here to stop.

Ri tu ral, &c.

Says she, you're a darling, a duck, and a dear,

But mind what I say, or you doesn't lodge here ;

That is while with me you don't stir a peg out,

For I can't fancy gals that goes rigging about.

Ri tu ral, &c.

Her virtuous feelings those words did arouse —

Says she you may padlock the front of my house.

So they toddled to bed with an amorous flame,
He play'd at all-fours, and got High, Low(e), and
Game. Ri tu ral, &c.

As her togs were too queer for a lady of pleasure,
Dressmakers he ordered to come and take measure,
Not a yard would he let her march out in the street.
For fear the young dogs might get mauling her meat.
Ri tu ral, &c.

He made her a present of earrings so rare,
In return for the use of her ring set with hair.
He gave her his jewels to make her amends,
And, vulgarly speaking, he stuff'd her, both ends.
Ri tu ral, &c.

Two months had sweet Alice been fumbled about,
Till the (w)hole of her person had fairly worn out —
So one day while he'd gone down to see Mrs. Jones,
She bolted, and so did my lord's precious stones.
Ri tu ral, &c.

He ranted, he raved, and he rushed to and fro,
To think he'd been done by a woman so Low(e)
He sent to the police for her down 'mongst the
whores,
And charged her with putting her hands in his
drawers. Ri tu ral, &c.

His lordship's sharp Bodkin her fame did attack
And said that she liv'd by the feats on her back.
The counsel for Alice — a knowing old shark —
Said ' You gallows old fool, if she does, keep it dark.'
Ri tu ral, &c.

Lord Franky then swore, though he'd shown her
much favour,
The nasty young vixen took more than he gave her,
Says Alice, you silly old feller, odd rot it!
I would have a precious sight more if you'd got it.
Ri tu ral, &c.

The Counsel for Alice next plainly spoke out,
That he gave her his toothpick, there wasn't a doubt.
Then again as his lordship was apt to get buffy,
He gave her the boxes the time he was snuffy.
Ri tu ral, &c.

The jurymen, after a very short bout,
Found her innocent — she having work'd the things
out.
So the mob goos'd his lordship, not more than they
ought.
And gave her the clap as she went out of court.
Ri tu ral, &c.

WHO'LL STROKE MY CAT ?

The *original* Song sung by (and said to be written)
by Mistress Emmerson, nightly.

A blowen I am, and as flash can be,
And downey's the cove who can e'er bilk me.
I lush, and where's there a girl that don't?
So stand a drain, or say you wont.
I can move like an eel, as you shall find,
If you do the thing slap, and act the kind;
Thro' street and square I quiz each flat,
And sing as I pass, Who'll stroke my Cat?
Who'll stroke my Cat?

My legs so fine,
They take the shine,
And my *bawd's* my pay;
And when a swell calls.
I've trinkets and shawls,
And care not a fig for what folks say.

So talk of your life, none live like us,
Flats may boast of morality fine ;
But I leave such to fig, and of virtue make fuss,
A good standing pea shall be mine.

So I gaily sing, and damn the flat,
Who lacks the pluck to stroke my cat.

THE WATER-SPOUT.

AIR — “ *Rampant Moll.* ”

Miss Cox had got a water-spout,
Which drove her nearly crazy;
The water furiously run out,
The tide would quite amaze ye.
A hole was in this strange machine,
And her water in waste did spill it;
And what was still more sad, oh, dear,
There wasn't a man could fill it.

Fol de rol, &c.

The Carpenter first had a try,
And labour none did spare he;
But in despair he heaved a sigh,
When he came near the area!
He drove his wedge into the top,
But soon found it did fit ill;

Miss Cox's hole he could not stop,
For the wedge was a deal too little !
Fol de rol, &c.

The cobbler came as bold as brass,
And thought his skill not small, sirs;
But could not stop the hole, alas !
Though he shoved in his all, sirs.
A tailor tried, but was no use,
The hole he did regard, sirs :
He looked as silly as his goose,
Though he shoved in his yard, sirs !
Fol de rol, &c.

A pawnbroker who knew the spout,
Then came to try his power ;
His article he couldn't get in or out,
At which his brows did lower !
So in despair he left the place,
No more on Cox, he calls, sirs ;
For up her spout he could not trace,
In spite of all his balls, sirs !
Fol de rol, &c.

A soldier vow'd he'd stop the hole,
And give her satisfaction ;
So off to her he soon did stroll,
And then he went to action !

He fired a lead plump in the spot,
But his labour soon was tiring,
For the hole already had been burnt,
And didn't then want firing!

Fol de rol, &c.,

A barber then, named Mr. Block,
Thought he should quickly hit it;
But soon his feelings had a shock,
For his long pole would not fit it!
The greengrocer did next appear,
With a nose just like a parrot,
But he could not fill the hole, or near,
Though he thrust in a long carrot.

Fol de rol, &c.

A country bumpkin, Bob by name,
Seemed just the very ticket,
For as soon as to the spout he came,
He said 'twas best to pick it.
Miss Cox beheld him with a smirk,
And did not make a rout :
So Robin quickly went to work,
And he stopt her water spout.

Fol de rol, &c.

LAMENTATIONS OF A DESERTED P.

AIR — “ *The Exile of Erin.* ”

There stood in the hand of a broken down dandy,
A wick thick and hairy and nine inches long :
A wick whose mere size should have made a g —
dandy :

But sad were its moanings, and this was its song :
“ Alas, hapless joke, what despair art thou stuck in
Cant, lively cant, oh, you once had the luck in,
But farewell to cant, yes, farewell to ducking,
Poor standing p — deserted by all.

Once if a — did only once smell thee,
At once all its passions and fury arose ;
Plump you went into the ivory jelly,
And in the moisture you shelter'd your nose,
Cant then was open whene'er you desired it,
Whether it pleasure or no you had hired it,
But closed now is cant, when, alas you require it,
Poor standing p — deserted by all.

How sadly I grieve for the days of thy glory,
When stiff and upright you did ere hold your head;
When in a jiffy would lay down before ye,
Whether you stood in the street or the bed,
Alas, fell despair, all thy courage now crushes,
Never no more will you raise modest blushes,
Never again will you fire through the bushes,
Poor standing p — deserted by all.

Farewell to the moist ruby lips so delighting,
Farewell to the b — I've often made swell,
Farewell to the q — curly locks so inviting,
Farewell to the boobies, and toes too as well.
Never with cant into bed I'll be turning,
No more for my — will — ere be yearning,
No more in the lock shall I ever be burning.
Poor standing p — deserted by all.

JACK ABOARD OF A LITTLE FRIGATE.

AIR — “ *Jack Robinson.* ”

Jack Spritsail had just come from sea,
Rigg'd fore and aft, quite chuff was he,
When he met with his sweetheart, Miss Polly Lee,
And says she, Master Jack, you're the lad for me.
Jack tow'd alongside of her with joy,
To her parents' house who lived close by,
He shook both their fists with a hearty yo hoy,
For Poll says as how I am the man for she,
Tol de rol, &c.

It happen'd two suitors besides Poll had,
Which perhaps you'll say was rather bad;
But her father nor her mother couldn't find the lad,
Which they in their hearts thought suited she.
These three lovers all met that day,
And one to another they did say,

This very night we'll each other give fair play,
And find out which is the lad for she.

Tol de rol, &c.

The day being passed, the night arrived,
And as but two beds their host had hired ;
A very clever scheme in a jiffey he contrived,

And into one bed why he pops all three.
They bade one another all good night,
The lovers all popt out of sight,
And in the next room without any fright,
Did go to rest, father, mother, and she.

Tol de rol, &c.

But scarce had the lovers popt into bed,
When the first one, a farmer, thus he said,
“ I've just come in for a fortune, for my father is
dead. ” [me.]

“ Oh, oh ! ” said the mother, “ that's the man for
“ Then, ” said the other, “ in despair you'll weep ;
I'll have her hand, so go to sleep,
For know, you stupid lout, that my curricl I keep. ”

“ Oh, oh, ” said the father, “ that's the man for me. ”

Tol de rol, &c.

The sailor thought all their jaw a pest,
And as soon as ever he had undrest,

He wanted very much to go off to rest,
 So thus, in a passion, out blustered he :
 “ You lubbers to swab you I am loth,
 But if you don’t instantly shut up your mouth,
 Why, damme, I’ll shove my stick through you both.”
 “ Oh, oh,” says the daughter, “ that’s the man for
 me.”

Next morning these lovers all arose,
And in a hurry put on their clothes,
And quickly then to the parents they goes,
To know to which of their suits they'd agree ;
But Jack no sooner met Poll's sight,
When she chose him with great delight,
They were spliced that very day, and he boarded
her at night, [she.
And she soon found that Jack was the man for
Tol de rol. &c.

THE HOLY FRIAR ; OR, DRIVING THE DEVIL
OUT.

SUNG BY CAPTAIN P——.

TUNE — “ *Sprig of Shillaleh.* ”

Three centuries ago lived a damsel I'm told,
And she fell in love with a friar so bold,
 With his bald-headed napper and penis so long.
This friar, now he was a right holy man,
To act upright with her it was always his plan,
An honour he was to the whole of his sect,
For no friar was ever more staunch or erect,
 With his bald-headed napper and p — so long.

The friar he liked her right well you must know,
And she had a cell where he oft used to go,
 With his bald-headed napper and p — so long.
To walk in the milky way he thought it sweet,
And he always said grace before he had meat,
And reason I'm certain she'd none to demur,

For he always was ready to stand up for her,
With his bald-headed napper and p — so long.

One day to the friar she went to confess,
So he pulled out his book for he couldn't do less,
With his bald-headed napper and p — so long.
Oh, daughter, said he, it is useless to grieve,
Be thankful for what you are going to receive.
So he laid her that instant flat down on her back,
And his holy music he popt in her crack,
With his bald-headed napper and p — so long.

Now it happened a friar was walking that way,
And he saw them both at their amorous play,
With his bald-headed napper and p — so long.
Oh, father, said he, I indeed am afraid,
That you're doing what's wrong to that unhappy
maid.
This woman's bewilder'd, said he, make no rout,
For I'm using my skill to drive Satan out,
With my bald-headed napper and p — so long.

THE SQUIRE'S THINGUMBOB, AND KITTY'S
WHAT YOU CALL IT.

AIR — “*Bow, wow, wow.*”

The squire arose the other morn, and crossed the
fields so pretty, [Kitty.
And but a little way he walked, when he met little
My charming little wench, said he, your charms
have little struck me, [clined to
Oh, squire, says she, I plainly see, that you're in-
(What you call it). Fol, &c.

She scamper'd o'er the hills so gay, just like a little
fawn, sirs, [sirs.
She sported o'er the meadows, and over every lawn,
But while she scampered o'er the hill, her foot
caught in the grass, sirs, [held her
And slipping down, the squire, oh dear, he then be-
(Thingumbob). Fol, &c.

The squire he went to pick her up in manner quite
gallant, sirs, [pant, sirs.
To see her many graces, lord, how his heart did
His thingumbob, it stood so stiff, 'twas really in the
nick, sirs, [his
It bursted through his breeches tight, so she beheld
(Thingumbob). Fol, &c.

The damsel blushed at such a sight, as you may well
suppose, sirs, [clothes, sirs,
But the squire, not at all abash'd, be lifted up her
He rambled o'er her many charms, in manners rather blunt, sirs, [her
He put his band close to her cheeks, so then he felt
(What you call it). Fol, &c.

Her a — she niggled so at this she got quite in a fever,
She begged and prayed with many a sigh, the squire
would not leave her.

With blissful words as honey sweet upon his name
she calls, sirs,
She dropp'd her hand into his flap and then she
pinch'd his (thingumbob). Fol, &c.

They both so dandy got, oh dear, that they could
wait no longer, [grew stronger;
They fubb'd and grop'd each other till their fancy it

He laid her on the meadows green, and then began to
stroke her, [sweetly ——
And as she seemed quite in the cue, the squire did
(What you call it.)

THE PARSON'S CLERK'S UPRIGHT.

(Favourite Funny Song, Sung by Captain Fairfield.)

AIR — “*Nobody can Deny.*”

A story I've heard, and the same I will tell,
Because I well know that you all like tales well,
A parson's clerk in the country some time since did
dwell, Which nobody can deny.

Now this parson's clerk had a lecherous eye,
And he kept a woman besides on the sly,
And oft in the chapel would they have a shy,
Which nobody can deny.

He did her so often, indeed it is true,
For he knew very well how the business to do,
So he gave her a touch very oft in a pew,
Which nobody can deny.

This women she was such a hoary old —,
Of jokes she could collar each night half a score,
S he heaved up her ruff, and she wiggled before,
Which nobody can deny.

But going one night with a tall randy Jew,
Oh, would you believe it, he gave her the glue !
To the parson's clerk she did soon give it too,
Which nobody can deny.

The parson next Sunday so eloquent grew.
That tears from his large congregation he drew,
And this was the language he uttered so true,
Which nobody can deny.

“ My brethren all, pray shun Satan's clutch,
Or surely he will leave you all in the lurch,
So do all your best to uphold the church, ”
Which nobody can deny.

Says the clerk, in voice far more heavy than sad,
“ To hold up the chapel I've always been glad,
So each day in the chapel an upright I've had,
Which nobody can deny. ”

Says the parson, “ Your language, sir, really me shocks,
You're sure to go to hell, ” but the clerk only mocks—
“ I'm in hell, sir, already, for I've got the damned p—x,
Which nobody can deny! ”

FREEMASONRY.

A lodge of Free Masons had met in accordance
With strict confirmation to by-laws and rules,
And the Master and Deacons, the brethren and
Wardens,

Preparing to work, were displaying their tools.
Their missiles of torture, their emblems and symbols,
Are all in their places with true crafty care,
And e'en the hot griddle impatiently trembles
To blister the a—e of each member there.

Now Susan, a workmaid, had great curiosity
To know their vocation at dead of the night,
So her wits she set running with female velocity,
To discover their secret or gain but a sight.
So hard throbs her pulses that scarce can she bear it,
As struck by the thought that surely she knows
Of a crevice above them, then she flies to the garret,
And she smiled as she thought “ I'll their secrets
disclose. ”

She trips o'er the joists to that coveted quarter,
And squats o'er the hole where the lights dimly
flash,
But alas ! for poor Susan, and weak lath and mortar,
She, losing her balance, falls back with a crash.
But a lodge she has found on the staunch sturdy
timbers,
One holds up her back and the other her thigh,
But her emblem's revealed to the gaze of the mem-
bers,
And they rise with respect to that symbolic eye.

A committee of one was appointed to render
The injury good, and make some repairs ;
First he rescued poor Sue with her emblem so
tender,
Then next he looked into her—bruises and tears.
An " entered apprentice " he offered to make her,
And give a token of all the degrees ;
He said " on the square, " he'd never forsake her,
Th' obligation he'd take on his unbended knees.

Her lodge he then open'd without hesitation,
His good " standing members, " so worthy and
fresh,
Tho' it worked to a point, couldn't make her a
mason,
For a " prick " is no " torture " to feminine flesh.

So Susan got posted through her lost treasure,
To master the "keystones" and mysteries dark.
She was raised by degrees to "chapters" of pleasure,
And she learned the true use of her own "private
mark."

Now all ye young maidens who long for things
hidden,
When seeking for sweets beware of the sting;
Don't be tempted to taste of a fruit that's forbidden,
Lest you, like poor Sue, get your "a — e in a
sling."
Be warned and avoid them, those craftsmen and
brothers,
For to raise in your lodge their members are
prone.
When you try to discover the secrets of others
Be careful they do not pry into your own.

TIM FINIGAN WAKES.

AIR. — “ *Tim Finigan’s Wake.* ”

Tim Finigan lived in Catherine street,
Tho’ Irish, a gentleman very odd.
He’d a beautiful wife, so plump and sweet,
And nightly he gave her a taste of his cod,
For you see she’d a sort of hankerin’ way —
With a love for the ould crathur she was born,
And before he went to his work each day
She’d make him plug her every morn.

One evening Tim felt rather dull,
He had buckled so much it made him shake.
Mrs. Tim got mad and broke his scull,
Then laid him out his corpse to wake.
She gave him nary a bit of a sheet,
But dragged him out upon the floor,
She pulled his brogues from off his feet,
Saying, “ the divil a bit will ye nade them
more.”

Mickey O'Brien she called to the wake.

The devil another one would do ;

She fed him well with praties and cake,

Then pipes and tobackey, and whiskey too.

Mrs. Finigan then began to cry,

" Shure a purtier p—k I never did see.

If I don't get another I sure will die ! "

Says Mickey O'Brien, " Would ye iver take me ? "

" Shure no better lad could ye get at the job. "

" Arrah, Mickey, " says she, " you're right, I'm
sure ;

You're very man I want, by gob. "

Then she laid down flat upon the floor ;

Mickey, the divil, then at her went.

Then Irish f—king soon began,

And Irish gravy then was spent.

" Arrah ! Mickey, " says she, " you're a broth of a
man. "

Then Mick, while striving hard to rise,

Kicked poor Tim upon the toes,

Which made him scratch and rub his eyes.

And seeing Mick, he quickly rose.

His dear old stick then next he raises,

And hitting Mick upon the head,

Cries, " I'll kill yes both, yer souls to blazes —

Ye *buckle*-ing divils, d'ye think I'm dead? "

WHEN THIS OLD COAT WAS NEW.

PARODY.

How many were the sprees I had
 When this old coat was new!
Then I f—d all, both good and bad,
 Which now I cannot do.
The ladies then, with thighs so white,
 Upon the bed I laid;
But the eyes that beamed on me so bright
 Have now begun to fade.

The reason is, they f—d too much —
 The thing too hotly pushed;
The sides of their c—ts you cannot touch
 Unless they get them bushed.
I cannot get a decent go
 The best that I can do :
Things didn't use to bother so
 When this old coat was new.

One gal, then, didn't dearly love
More than a dozen fellers ;
And then they felt themselves above
F—king in liquor cellars.
But now they'll wink at men who gaze
On their “ hoop-te-dooden-do, ”
While my p—k aches for the fiery days
When this old coat was new.

When this old coat was in its prime
And twitchets had some charms,
Its skirts oft flapped in double time,
With a white a—e on its arms.
But now those sleeves are bare and glazed,
And the rents are not a few,
And I think of the many skirts I raised
When this old coat was new.

I could a longer tail unfold,
And tell more troubles yet;
For now, although my hat is old,
No “ old hat ” can I get.
Sometimes I think I'd best reform —
To f—king bid adieu ;
The gals look on my suit with scorn,
Because it is not new.

COULDN'T STAND THE PRESS.

I'll tell about my luck

When out upon a spree —

How I tried my best to f—k

Every body I could see.

I met a gay young *doxie*,

And tried to raise her dress —

[*Spoken*] When she turned around and called me
a nasty drunken brute. “No,” says I, “miss (hic) —
ain't drunk, but then, you see, my p—k was getting
(hic) — and —

I couldn't stand the press.”

So then I walked away,

And soon I met another.

Says I, “My pussey gay!”

Says she, “I'll tell my brother.”

“(Hic) brother! — he be d—d!

I can whip him, I guess.”

[*Spoken*] She then started away, and as I turned to follow her, I ran my nose hard against a big fist that some careless fellow had left sticking out in the way, and it nearly knocked the light all out of my countenance. It made me d—n mad, and I laid down in the gutter to cool off a little, for —

I couldn't stand the press.

I went in a fancy house,
But still I had ill luck;
I called for c—t to drink,
And for old rye to f—k.
The bar maid said to me,

“ You're rather *tight*, I guess —

[*Spoken*] And if you want c—t to drink, you shall have all you want,” and she carelessly let a big bottle slip out of her hand, and it happened to drop and hit me on the ear. So I dropped on the floor, and then she opened her salt water navigation on me, and I swear if she didn't p—s my mouth and eyes full. I began to think, *perhaps* I wasn't wanted there, and accordingly took my leave, for —

I couldn't stand the press

To my hotel I went,
And with my wife turned in —
That is, I thought I did —
And gave her my old *pin*.

Then bobbing fast, she said,

“ Oh! la, how sweet, dear Jess ! ”

[*Spoken*] And then she yelled like a catamaran, which was all very strange to me, as my name wasn't Jess at all. I was soon enlightened, however, for in came Jess, her husband, armed to the teeth with a six barrelled bootjack, loaded to the muzzle, and I began to see that I had made a slight mistake; so I shot out of that bed, and shouted as I went, “ I say, old fellow, your wife is ——

Bully on the press. ”

WHACK! ROW DE DOW!

I knew a fellow passing well,
And he was a man of pluck
After the women; he beat all h—ll,
And an awful man to f—k.
He never yet a lady met
Without he'd kindly proffer
Some slight attention for her good,
And then he'd make an offer

Of his whack! row de dow!
How are you, gentle Annie Laurie?
Oh! I should like to feel
Your hoop-te-dooden-do!

Once, at a ball with Rosa Hall,
Some time between the dances,
In whispers, near her willing ear,
He made some bold advances.

She hung her head, and then turned red
With honest pride and virtue.
Then this dashing blade unto her said,
“ Dear Rosa, I'll not hurt you
With my whack! row de dow! ” &c.

So this poor girl, amid the whirl
And din of wildest pleasure,
Gave up to Fred her maidenhead,
That greatest earthly treasure.
But when she thought of the mischief wrought
She wept and felt quite sad.
In grief and pain she cried again,
And wish'd the devil had
His whack! row de dow! &c.

But now they say this blade so gay
Has lost his male appendage.
For, like a fool, he used his tool
Till nature got offended;
Then foul disease his pecker seized,
And it's burning ne'er abated,
For no doctor's art could cure the part,
So they had it amputated,
With a whack! row de dow, &c.

Now, young men, who the women screw,
Be warned by this example,

And if you're stuck, and bound to f—k,
On nature's laws don't trample;
For if you do, you'll surely rue
The time you spent your gravy.
When you discern the urine burn,
Use caustic and copaiva
For your whack! row de dow! &c.

THE JOY OF THE BRAVE.

AIR — “ *Star-Spangled Banner.* ”

O, say, can you see by the bright morning light,
What so plainly you saw by the gas-light's last
gleaming.
That broad a—e and red c—t, O, charming the sight.
On the ram-*parts* you gazed with eyes that were
beaming,
And the gas-light's bright glare, as it shone on the
hair,
Gave proof to the eyes that her c—t was still there.
O! say, do all skirts and balmorals wave,
O'er twitchets as sweet — the joy of the brave?

On the walks dimly seen, 'midst those laces so deep,
Are those tapering 'neath that bower of roses,
As she raises her skirts you catch a slight peep,
When the wind stronger blows, the prize it dis-
closes.

My eye, how it gleam'd in the 'morning's first beam,
As she squats in the yard, and I watch the clear
stream ;

'Tis her c—t—as she p—s, my p—k madly raves,
As I see that red c—t and the tiny bright waves !

I think of the nights, when in slumbering sweet,
I have press'd to my breast that maid so true-
hearted,
How, waking we hugged, and our fond lips would
meet,

Then glowing with amour, we f—d till we fted,
When, sweating like rain, we at it again,
Then deeply we sob'd, but never with pain.
Yes, I hail the glad thought that reminds me of
yore,
And I sigh as I think I can f—g her no more.

I'll ever remember in anthem and song,
The darling whose bosom was warm with devo-
tion,
Whose fingers so white clasp'd my penis so long,
And her breast rose and fell like the waves of the
ocean,
Then closing her eyes, as she spread wide her thighs,
She gave me to feel that nought would suffice
But stiff sturdy pecker, so proud with desire,
To stifle that longing, her fierce amorous fire.

But still I rejoice as the present I view,

And compare with the past, those ladies so charming.

At the altar of Cupid, my vows I renew,

And love lights my eye and my cheek it is warming,

So now I'm content as my p—k I present

To that *port-hole* of love, and enter its rent,

For nightly I diddle till desire grows blunt —

Here's a health and long life to woman and — c—t.

GOOD OLD TIMES.

AIR — “ *O, Susannah.* ”

O, those were happy, good old times,
Ere dissipation changed
The rosies of the fairer sex,
And their *water-works* deranged;
When maidens only f—ked for love,
And kissed as sweet as honey,
But now they'd rather f—g than work,
They *fire* you for your money.
O, those were happy good old times
When bellies white as snow,
Played up so soft and warm to mine.
O, I wish it was so now.

O, those were happy, good old times,
Ere p—x and cl—p we knew,
When every girl of scarce sixteen,
Wasn't open for—a screw.

When they didn't wax their *monkey's* hair,
And scent them up for smell,
When they *didn't* boldly show the *signs*,
That they kept their c—ts to sell,
O, those were good old joyful times,
Those times of which we read,
When a Miss beyond the age of twelve,
Retained her maidenhead.

O those were happy, good old times,
Ere wives and mothers gay,
Took nice young men between their thighs.
When their husbands were away,
Ere on settees and feather beds
Those foul polluted *cranes*
Had opened to my smarting p—k
PANDORA'S box of pains.
Yes, those were truly glorious times,
The times to do one good,
When c—ts and p—ks were not consumed,
By fell disease imbued.

O, those were good Dame Nature's times,
Ere lust and crime went lurking
Around sweet virtue's health and peace,
And ruined all by purloining ;
Yes, those were truly happy times,
Those days of happy life,

Ere a gay young sport could take a whore,
And pass her as his wife,
Bright memory calls again to mind
My early true love's vow,
And the many deep-felt f—gs I took—
I wish I had them now.

ALL AMONGST THE LEAVES SO GREEN, O.

AIR — “ *Derry Down.*”

In a forest all so shy,
A roving blade was I,
With my dungeon-pin in hand,
When I bid a maiden *stand*,
Zounds ! open up your gash,
Or your drawers I will slash,
All amongst the leaves so green, O.

Betty—Miss—one sweet kiss—
Open crack—on your back.
Hey down, ho down, derry, derry down,
All amongst the leaves so green, O.

I'll not quit the roving trade,
Sure, for f—king I was made,
For I'm spruce and debonair,
Gad ! I'll kiss the ladies fair,

Then to make her *horney*—hot,
How I'll tickle round her twat,
All amongst the leaves so green, O.
Then so coy—we will toy—
O, come do—let me screw.
Hey down, ho down, etc.

I shall “go it” while I'm young,
For I'm pretty fairly hung.
How I make a lady grunt,
When I shove it up her c—t!
I'll be Justice of the Peace,
Then how many c—ts I'll grease,
All amongst the leaves so green, O.
Bellies round—twitchets sound—
Bend my knees—in I squeeze.
Hey down, ho down, etc.

GOOSE HANGS HIGH.

Der dinks in New York City
 You'll find so pig and gueer,
De gals go mit de vellers,
 Unt pull his chanticleer :
But when dey makes it pig enough
 Dey goes it on de sly,
Till everything is lovely,
 Unt te goose hangs high.

Dere's many fine young ladies
 Who promenade Broadway,
Dey trink all night mit vellers
 Until dey break de day ;
Unt den dey takes tem home mit dem
 Into deir rooms so shy,
Und shpread deir legs so lovely
 When te goose hangs high.

Sometimes you goes a courtin
A very nice young maid ;
She tries to draw you to her,
But you tink she is afraid ;
And ven you puts it in her,
To git away she'll try,
But your prick is standing lovely,
Unt de goose hangs high.

By and by you feels it smarting,
A few days after dis,
Und you makes dem ole rye faces
Efrey times you goes to piss ;
Den you dams the little maiden
Wit her soft and flery eye,
For dinks ish not so lovely.
Und te goose is not so high.

Now all you nice young vellers
Out in de counteree,
If you coom to New York City,
Shust coom and speak mit me ;
Den I takes you down in Chatham street,
Und some Dietchen skin you buy ;
Deirc—ts dey are so greasy,
Unt te goose hangs so high.

O ! DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE

A PARODY.

O ! dear, what can the matter be ?

Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?

O ! dear, what can the matter be ?

My Johnny so long stays away.

He promised to show me a thing that would please
me,

And then for a f—k I know he will tease me.

For he always does that whenever he sees me,

If it's two or three times in a day.

O ! dear, what can the matter be ?

Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?

O ! dear, what can the matter be ?

My Johnny so long stays away.

If he were only here now, I'd permit him to do it ;

I think he would come if only he knew it ;

My maidenhead's so, and he'll easy get through it

With his p—k so rosy and gay.

A PARODY

On "I should like to marry."

O! I am bound to marry ;
Yes, blame me if I don't ;
If I can find a perrick
That's suited to my c—t,
And the owner must be dashing
And amorous and gay ;
He must follow up the fashion,
And frig me night and day.

CHORUS—O! I am bound to marry ;
Yes, blame me if I don't ;
If I can find a perrick
That's suited to my c—t.

That mossy tuft of hair
Must cluster like the vine,
The pecker, plump and fair,
With a head like ruby wine.

It mustn't be too short ;
It mustn't be too burly,
But large, and round, and straight,
With the hair all nice and curly.

CHORUS—O ! I am bound to marry, &c.

With vigour he must drive it,
Within its gate of love,
And send hot streams of balsam
Into the nest above ;
His stones, so soft and silky,
Within their silken purse,
He must press so warm and closely
Against my reeking arse.

CHORUS—O ! I am bound to marry, &c.

And if ever he should fail
My amours to appease,
I will, on that condition,
Fuck whoe'er I please ;
And to those little amours
I'm sure he must agree,
For three or four good perricks
Are not too much for me.

CHORUS—O ! I am bound to marry, &c.

SHE HAD A TAKING WAY.

AIR — “ *John Anderson, My Joe.* ”

Come listen to my song, boys,
About a lady gay,
Who caused me some hard feelings,
And led my thoughts astray.
She took me off and took me on,
And I am sure you'll say,
When taking every thing around,
She had a taking way.

1864 —> I told her that the fashions
Required each dashing gal
To wear Secessia's stars and bars
Beneath her Balmoral.
The fashion is a good one,
And virtue yet will praise it —
The rag they'll wear—for no man
Has any right to raise it.

THE RAKISH RHYMER

She said " 'twould not avail them,"
The witty, witching elf,
"To save a man the trouble,
"I'd raise them up myself."
She looked at me so archly,
I knew not what to say.
I took the gentle hint—for
She had a taking way.

To test her bold assertion,
I took her in my arms,
And asked her if she'd permit me
To revel in her charms?
She *took me* at my offer,
And down with me she lay,
And took my p—k within her,
She'd such a taking way.

I'M GOING TO GET A FAGLE.

Parody on "I'm going to fight mit Sigel."

AIR — "*Girl I Left Behind Me.*"

I'm come shust now to tell you how
I loves mine shweet Katrina,
Und I tinks, by tam, you loves her too,
De first times wen you seen her.
She gits ein ars so pig as dat,
By jinks, it makes me wiggle,
Ven I sees dat leg, so groce und fat,
Unt den I gets a fagle.

CHORUS—Yaw, das is true I shpeaks mit you
I'm going to git a fagle.

Ven first I cooms von Dietch Cuntree
I vas not so good lookin,
But now I learns te Yankee talk,
Und a little Yankee fookins,

THE RAKISH RHYMER

Und now I gits mine lager bier,
Unt saur kraut und bretzel,
When mine *bolona* feels me queer
Why den I takes ein fagle.

CHORUS—Yaw, das is true I shpeaks mit you
I'm goin to git ein fagle.

Mine p—k's so groce, like pig ass-jack,
Unt ven I sees mine shweetheart,
I lays her belly on her back,
Unt den I makes her—feet part.
By dam, it gits mine feelins hard,
De belly unt de nable,
So now I takes mine p—k mit me,
I'm goin to git a fagle.

CHORUS—Yaw, das is true I shpeaks mit you,
I'm goin to git a fagle.

Vonce ven I was a fookin been,
Mit one dem dam ole shtrete-walks,
Her cunt was pig I most fell in,
Unt, by dam, I gits the *heat-cock*.
So den I keeps myself away,
Like de chicken von te eagle ;
But by an by I gits him cured,
Unt den I gets ein fagle.

CHORUS—Yaw, das is true I shpeaks mit you,
I'm goin to git ein fagle.

PARODY

On "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
 And how she tuk me by the bollück.
She vo wed and swore she lo'ed me sae,
 She let me feel her c—t so bonnie ;
But, O, the fickle, faithless thing,
 She rin awa' and left her Johnnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she treated me,
 As I tuk her doon the braes of Balloch.
O ! she was a natty quean,
 And well could dance the Highland walloch ;
How happy I—had she let me
 Do like Roy of Aldivalloch,

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
 And tuk me down the braes of Balloch.
Her hair was fair, her eye'n was clear,
 Her wee bit c—t sae sweet like honey,
How I'd like to taste a bit sae dear,
 But she gang awa' and left her Johnnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how I wanted to—
 Gie to her my p—k and bolluck.
She to'd me that she'd ne'er been shae'd,
 She ne'er was wed, but still a lassie,
And to let me ken was yet a maid,
 She bade me fee' her canny assie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye noo, I gat nae hide
 When I cam o'er the braes of Balloch.
I gaed to fix her to my mind,
 I said I'd make her bairn a sonnie,
She jumpit and to'd me kiss behind,
 Then rin awa' and left her Johnnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye noo, how feard I was,
 As I cam o'er the braes of Balloch.
I gaed to see whir she had gan',
 And why she made me sic a bullock,
And there I spied her laird and mon,
 A foo'in' his wife of Aldivalloch.

ANNIE AND HER TAIL

AIR — “ *Annie of the Vale.* ”

My hard p—k is glowing,
And full to overflowing,
I want to be with you this clear summer night,
And feel your thing so hairy,
Then t’wixt your thighs I’ll tarry,
And revel in its soft and mystic light.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come, love, come,
Come in full rig and full sail,
O, come with your beauty,
And I will do my duty,
Dear Annie, dear Annie, to your tail.

The p—k I inherit,
Is of the right spirit,

Tho' rampant, is mild as the warm sunny ray,
The watchdog is barking,
And gets lots of f—king,
While I am forced to linger night and day.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come, love, come,
Come in full rig and full sail,
O, come with your beauty,
And I will do my duty,
Dear Annie, dear Annie, to your tail.

THE OLD WHORE'S LAMENT

PARODY ON

“ Young Eph's Lament. ”

O, where will I go when the law breaks my f—king
up,

And the Mollies have to scatter around ?

These dam shyster f—kers, war widows and sly lo-
vers,

Is agoing to run my business in the ground.

It's mother f—king here,

And daughter f—king there,

And everybody preaching that it's right.

One wants a man,

The other wants him too,

And the fellers get the women in a fight,

Then what's a poor Lizzie to do ?

Oh, what's the use of married women going to f—
king,

And making us poor Lizzies so forlorn?

Why don't they f—g their husbands, ant let us have
the young men

And let us take money they would scorn?

O, it's my Augustus here,

And my dear Freddie there,

Then they quarrel, and they fight and bawl;

One says, "I shall,"

Another says, "You shant,"

And we poor whores have got to stand it all,

O, what can a poor *diddler* do?

What a deuced shame it is, this f—ging revolution,

It's using up the business af the land,

Our trade is falling off, our silks, our lace and satins,

Can hardly make a p—ker raise a stand;

And do what we will,

Our c—ts will not be still,

Cause there's no p—kers left to attend them.

Our *bums* are getting hot,

Our shifts are going to pot,

For we've no money and no thread to mend them,

O, what will a poor *diddler* do?

PARODY

On "Old dog Tray."

My youthful days are past,
My wild oats sowed at last.
Those kisses and sweet f—gs have all passed away ;
Oh ! many p—ks I've seen,
Upon strolling with my old dog Tray.
While strolling with my old dog Tray,

CHORUS.

Old dog Tray was ever watchful,
And I never could drive him away,
When to f—king I inclined,
I could never, never find
A hiding-place from old dog Tray.

When thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast,

I think that he knows that I'd like a p—k to-day.

'Tis well he cannot speak,

For like a dirty sneak,

He might tell *things*—that old dog Tray.

CHORUS—Old dog Tray, &c.

The p—ks I oft have felt,

And so softly caused to melt,

Those thick ones and thin ones have all passed
away.

Tho' my c—t is soft and wet,

No f—king can I get,

Except, perhaps, from—old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

Old dog Tray is ever ready,

And I never will drive him away ;

When to f—king I'm inclined,

I can always, always find,

A willing one from—old dog Tray.

THE IRISHMAN'S BREECHES.

AIR — “ *The Irishman's Shanty.* ”

Did ye iver look intil an Irishman's breeches,
At the bulge in the middle, where his three-cornered
prick is,

With that p—k in his hand, laughs Paddy, so
free ;

No king, with his sceptre, is prouder than he.

Arrah ! me honey—whack, Paddy's the boy.'

That tool is three-cornered, but Judy's will match ;
Her *treasure* is closed, but his prick is the latch,
And many's the time on the broad iv her back,
On the floor he has laid her, and open'd her
crack.

Arrah ! me honey, &c.

That p—k is his jewel, more precious than gold,
And the *setting* it fits, when it's run in the mould.

When their day's work is done, they then take their
aise,

And when both are quite willing, they f—g when
they plase.

Arrah! me honey, &c.

Let them f—g if they will—sure, where is the
harm?

They'll replinish the earth, and kape themselves
warm.

See, they're at it again, with her back to the wall;
As it's standin' he takes it and she gets it all.

Arrah! me honey, &c.

* / It's a week and a day since the two was made one,
Tho' *hard* is that duty, the labor's no bother;
The praste made them one, Paddy's making ano-
ther.

Arrah! me honey, &c.

As *time* rolls his cart full of sorrows and joys
Paddy's *prospects* betoken a litter of boys,
For Judy's best gown grows shorter in front,
From the use she has made of her three-corner'd
c—t.

Arrah! me honey, &c.

HOOP TE DOO DEN DOO.

PARODY.

As I walked out the other day,
I lightly stept, I felt so gay ;
The wind, it made the ladies show
Their hoop te dooden doo.

One little miss, she slip'd and fell,
Her clothes flew up—she gave a yell ;
Her drawers split an inch or two,
Oh ! hoop te dooden doo.

I sprang, the lady to assist ;
Her and I press'd, her lips I kiss'd.
“ O, dear, ” says she, “ if you only knew,
“ My—hoop te dooden doo. ”

I went with her to her home ;
We shut ourselves in a cozy room,

And then I wanted her to show
Her hoop te dooden doo.

In bed I laid on her back,
I spread her thighs, and opened her crack.
O! don't you think I was in luck ;
I took a—hoop te dooden doo.

In five days more, Oh, sad mishap,
My cock took sick ; it had the—cramp.
My dear young lads, now mind that you
Don't—hoop te dooden doo.

TO A LADY.

There's grace in your step,
And a smile in your eye,
There's a hole in your a—e,
And another close by.

DIXIE'S LAND.

A PARODY.

My Lizzie don't puff up with cotton;
She's a pretty twot and big fat bottom.

Ain't she gay?—ain't she gay?

Yes, she's gay—yes, she's gay!

Oh! her c—t is red and soft as cotton!

A f—g from her is like young mutton,

So they say—so they say!

F—g away—f—g away!

CHORUS.

I'd like to run it up in Dixie,

Oh! oh!—oh! ho!

My p—k in hand, I'll make it stand;

I'd live and die in Dixie's land—

Away, away, away up high in Dixie.

All other gals may go to pot ;
It goes in cold, and comes out hot !

F—g away—f—g away !

F—g away—f—g away !

The head of my dink is red as a beet ;
A good clean go, it tastes so sweet —

F—g away—f—g away !

F—g away—f—g away !

CHORUS.

I'd like to run it up in Dixie, &c.

Oh ! bless the gals, they all will do it ;
They're shy at first, but soon come to it—

F—g away—f—g away !

F—g away—f—g away !

To take a p—k they all are willing ;
If they can't get more, they'll take a shilling—

F—g away—f—g away !

F—g away—f—g away !

CHORUS.

I'd like to run it up in Dixie, &c.

If you see a whore that'st old and rotten
Who keeps her money in her stocking,

Keep away—keep away !

Keep away—keep away !

She tells how much she does admire you ;
If she gets a chance, she sure will fire you—
Keep away—keep away!
Keep away—keep away!

CHORUS.

I'd like to run it up in Dixie, &c.

So, if you're very fond of f—ging,
Examine first her lower rigging—
F—g away—f—g away!
F—g away—f—g away!
Then if she's sound in wind and water,
Why raise your piece, and then go at her—
F—g away—f—g away!
F—g away—f—g away!

CHORUS.

I'd like to run it up in Dixie, &c.

A LITTLE MORE F—CKING.

AIR. — “ *A Little More Cider.* ”

I love the short gal and the tall,
And I love all the rest ;
I love them all that will play up,
But I love my own the best.
Oh ! dear, I am so horny,
I've just had an oyster supper.
A dark-eyed gal sat next to me ;
Oh ! how I'd like to f—k her !

CHORUS.

A little more f—king do—
A little more f—king do !
Oh ! let me f—k you, do, Miss Fanny—
Oh ! let me f—k you, do !

When first I saw Miss Fanny
I was on the steps below her ;

I'd give my p—k and stones, I would,
If I could only screw her.
I saw her legs above her knees,
When passing up the street;
She looked at me, and seemed to say :
“ Oh ! don't you think they're sweet? ”

CHORUS.

A little more f—king do, &c.

Oh ! how I wish I was in bed
With Fanny or some other !
Oh ! what a sweet old f—k we'd take
While in the bed together !
How good our a—s both would feel
Upon the smoking sheet !
My p—k would wriggle like an eel—
Oh ! wouldn't that be sweet ?

CHORUS.

A little more f—king do, &c.

Well, now the night comes creeping on,
My p—k is growing bigger,
For Fanny's going to share my bed—
• Oh ! crickee, won't I f—g her !

And let her c—t be what it will—
Soft, hairy, thick, or thinner—
It's just the right one for my p—k,
For I'm bound to shove it in her.

CHORUS.

A little more f—king do, &c.

THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

A PARODY.

Well, here I am—you see by that,
To get me you may try,
And if your fond of nice—*old hat*,
I've some that you can buy.
I'm able quite to take the *stand*,
But I do not seek for pelf,
The only *thing* I've now on hand,
Is just *the thing* itself.

CHORUS.

And it's going, going, going, going,
Who bids, who bids for me?
I'm going, going, going, going,
Who bids, who bids for me?

Perhaps you think me pert or so,
But I mean to show my pluck,
For where's the girl, I'd like to know,
That wouldn't take a f—k?
Indeed, I'm certain that I should,
For I'm very, very hot,
So kind friends now, pray be so good
As to tickle up my *twat*.

CHORUS—For it's going, &c.

Ye bachelors, with p—ks so big,
I pray don't be misled,
For I never yet have had a f—g,
Nor lost my maidenhead.
My heart and hand is good and true,
I long for Pleasure's cup,
And I'll *knock down* myself to you
If you will knock me up.

CHORUS—For I'm going, &c.

F—CKING ON THE SLY.

AIR — “*Kissing on the Sly.*”

Her thighs he spread, and press'd each cheek;
She heaved a *deep felt* sigh,
And open'd her lips, but not to speak,
While f—cking on the sly.
There's such a sum of luscious bliss
That riches could not buy,
The semen gushes warm as piss,
When f—cking on the sly.

CHORUS.

O, this f—cking on the sly,
This f—cking on the sly,
This throbbing, melting style of sinning—
F—cking on the sly.

The maiden, meek, the p—k received,
And, languid, closed her eye,
And with an air of one bereaved,
She uttered one faint cry.
Again the wayward pecker press'd
Her o—t, she gasped “ O! my! ”
How beautiful to the throbbing heart,
This f—cking on the sly.

CHORUS.

O, this f—cking on the sly,
This fucking on the sly,
Downright malicious, Oh, delicious,
F—cking on the sly.

Tho' rigid rule declares the deed
To be a crime most high,
No lovers will it's rigours heed,
But f—ck upon the sly.
Though all the world should still berate,
And 'gainst the practice cry,
The custom don't the least abate,
Of f—cking on the sly.

CHORUS.

O, this f—cking on the sly,
This f—cking on the sly,
This c—t-hole thrilling, penis killing,
Fucking on the sly.

No earthly joy is so complete,
No sane one can deny,
No stolen fruits are half so sweet
As f--cking on the sly.
Creation's world agrees in this,
In stations low and high—
To gain the highest point of bliss,
You must *do it* on the sly.

CHORUS.

O, this f--cking on the sly,
This f--cking on the sly ;
My brain is crazing, my pecker raising,
To take it on the sly.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

A PARODY.

Is it anybody's business if any man should choose
To ask a lady for it, and the lady don't refuse;
Or, to speak a little plainer, that you all may take
the hint,
When he opens wide her c—t and puts his p—ker
in't?

Is it anybody's business if the lady chance to fall,
How he *sets* the lady up—if he sets her up at all;
Or is it any matter if her curtain should be drawn,
And he see her tempting pouch—or should he *try*
it on?

Is it anybody's business that her charms should thus
be shed,
Or if they *start a family* a while before they're
wed?

Or is it any one's affairs if the couple long should
tarry,

And do their f—king when they wish, and then
should never marry?

It is not your business, now heed the admonition,
If you catch a gent and lady in a queer position,
Or if he string the lady upon that p—k of his,
Would it be your business who that lady is?

But I venture this to say in secret you'd abhor
him,

Tho' his business be so vile you fain would do it for
him,

How hard would be your feelings but we will let it
pass—

Is it anybody's business if you should—*kiss my a—e*?

TO A WHORE IN DOUBTFUL HEALTH.

Fain would I enjoy your secret charm,
For your eyes with love's fires glow,
But my ardour droops in dread alarm,
From those fiercer fires below.

A ROUE'S APOLOGY.

If I have said or done too much,
I humbly beg your pardon ;
The magic of your thrilling touch
Has given me a hard-on.

PARODY

On "Sparking Sunday Night."

BY W. L. A——.

Sitting in her bed-room on a Sunday eve,
With her pretty bobbies resting on your sleeve,
The lamp, its rays are casting upon her breast so
white ;
Bless me, you've a *hard-on*—sparking Sunday night.

CHORUS

Bless me, how you'd like to,
Bless me, how you'd like to,
Bless me, how you'd like to
Shove it up to-night.

Old Reuben's head is bobbing high up to your vest,
He mutely pleads you'll lead him to that place of
rest ;

You kiss those charming bubbies, glowing hot and
bright,

O, you would give your p—k to f—g her Sunday night.

CHO.—O, you would give your p—k to, &c.

Dad and mam are sleeping in their peaceful couch ;
You raise her skirts and feel of that mossy little
pouch ;

“Be fruitful ye,” &c., the ministers recite,

Egad, you mean to do it—this very Sunday night.

CHO.—Egad, you mean to, &c.

You raise her skirts up higher, and see her pussy’s
face,

You pat her dimpled butt, the ruby grotto taste,

She freely pulls your p—k, and squeezes it so tight,

That you quickly take the hint to—f—k her Sunday
night.

CHO.—That you quickly take the hint to, &c.

Your a—e, O, how it wiggles, how tight you draw
your bum ?

As sure as I’m a sinner you’ve made your goodness
come,

You ask, in tender accents, if you did your duty right,
She says she likes you better—for f—king Sunday
night.

CHO.—She says she likes you better, &c.

You hear a rap—your hair stands up stiffer than your
c—k,

At the door you hear her dad, and loudly does he
knock ;

You quickly raise the window, and on the ground
you light'

And thus escape a broken head for—f—king Sunday
night.

CHO.—And thus escape a broken head, &c.

MY OWN DARLING KATE.

AIR — “*My Own Native Land.*”

I’ve f—k’d gentle school-girls, I’ve f—ked Irish
whores,

I’ve diddled them all, small and great ;

Though each c—t was as soft, and each a—e worked
as quick,

Yet it was not my own darling Kate.

CHORUS.

No, no, no, no, no, no; no, no, no, no, no, no :

Though each c—t was as soft, and each a—e worked
as quick,

Yet it was not my own darling Kate.

I’ve caught crabs from the “shrubs” round the high
German c—ts,

Caught the “fire” from the Bridgets so nate,

Yet happier fare were the hours that I've *spent*
In the c—t of my own darling Kate.

CHORUS—Yes, yes, yes, &c.

The globes of my Kate to her nable hang down,
Her hole's in a quite open state,
Ten inches of flesh just fills up the bore
Betwixt the moss of my own darling Kate.

CHORUS—Yes, yes, yes, &c.

Thou hast, darling Kate, the c—I love,
Where never my c—k had to wait ;
There's room for the p—ks of the whole 69th,
'Twixt the legs of my own darling Kate.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
yes ;
There's room for the p—ks of the whole 69th,
'Twixt the legs of my own darling Kate.

THE BEAR-ASS RIDE.

AIR — "*Root, Hog or Die.*"

BY W. L. A.

An Irishman, a Frenchman; and Dutshman too, as
well,
Were trying to read the pictures on a flaming Circus
bill,
But none of them could read it, tho' hard and long
they tried;
About the fair young "*La de Conte's bear ass ride.*"

CHORUS.

Hard p—ks, sore nuts, among the male spectators,
She stands on her head and cuts so many capers,
It's not a diff of bitterness to either you or I—
Big p—ks, little p—ks, all are getting high.

"Arrah, now !" says Pat, "d'ye see, I think, she's
goin' to sing,

For don't ye mind in letthers there, the great 'Cock
of the ring?"

"By Gar!" cries France, "wat zat you call ze lettare,
dare and here,

Zat is ze ass, zat is ze bear, and zis ze Chanticleer."

CHORUS—Hard p—ks, &c.

"The divil a bit iv a shanty at all," says Pat, now full
of ire,

"Schtop !" Hans exclaims, "Ispeaks mineself; you two
ish one dam liar,

I learns you somedinks wat you knows, unt somding
more besides.

Der Bear, he comes von top de ring, den mit de ass
he rides."

CHORUS—Hard p—ks, &c.

"Arrah! kiss my a—e, ould Sour Krout," and Pat
turned up his nose,

When Frenchy thus to keep the peace, to Pat and Hans
proposed,

That they all should go and see, and thus all doubts
decide,

About the fair young La de Conte's bear ass ride.

CHORUS—Hard p—ks, &c.

Then to see the daring maid, together they all went,
And took a private box within the Circus tent,
Their mouths were all agape and their eyes they open'd
 wide,
To see the gay young La de Conte in her bear ass
 ride.

CHORUS—Hard p—ks, &c.

Into the ring there came a p—k, as big as any bull,
With bollocks like a hog'shead beneath the waving
 wool,
On four legs and hoofs he came with haughty prancing
 stride,
Bearing the fair Conte in her bear ass ride.

CHORUS—Hard p—ks, &c.

The La de Conte jumped and skip'd, and threw her
 legs around,
The gallant charger frothed and foamed and piss'd at
 ev'ry bound,
And vainly then to smell her naked a—he tried,
But he couldn't throw the maiden in her bear ass
 ride.

CHORUS—Hard p—ks, &c.

“Got in Himmel,” Hans cried out, “O, wat a C—t—
 a-ree,
Ise glad I coom von Ditcheland such big dinks for to
 see.”

“Mon Dieu!” says Frenchy. “Now, hist,” says Pat,
and thus with joy they cried,
And gazed upon fair Conte in her bear ass ride.

CHORUS—Hard p—ks, &c.

Fair Conte bent her neck around, and thus her c—t
she kissed,
Then quickly sprang upright again, she spread herself
and piss’d.
“Hooroo!” says Pat, then louder cried, as he took his
p—k in hand,
“D’ye mind the ould divil will run around, but divil
a bit will stand.”

CHORUS.

Hard p—ks, sore nuts, among the male spectators,
She stands on her head and cuts so many capers,
It’s not a diff of bitterness to either you or I—
Big p—ks, little p—ks, all are getting high.

WAIT TILL WE'RE MARRIED.

AIR — “ *Wait for the Wagon.* ”

HE. Will you go with me, my darling,
Where the birds are singing sweet,
Beyond the bright blue mountain,
Where we may f—k so neat ?
For my pecker has its a—e up,
And is bound to have its hide,
And let him take a ride.

CHORUS.

For soon we'll be married,
Soon we'll be married,
Soon we'll be married,
So let me have a ride.

SHE. Go away, you dirty devil,
And don't you show your face !
How dare you ask for f—king
When there isn't any place

And if you do not like it,
 Why just kiss my backside,
 Then wait till we're married,
 And then take your ride.

CHORUS—Wait till we're married, &c.

HE. I think you want old Mickey,
 Because he's very rich,
 But he's rotten with a foul disease,
 And lousy as a bitch ;
 While I am strong and healthy,
 And youthful, too, beside,
 So turn your tail before you,
 And let me have a ride.

CHORUS—For soon we'll be married, &c.

SHE. If you wish your thing within me,
 > Your nose, you know, is one thing.
 * > The other is my a—e.
 If that connection suits you
 Your face I will bestride,
 With your tongue in my sweet c—t hole,
 Your nose in my backside.

CHORUS—Wait till we're married, &c.

HE. Oh ! yes, my love, I'll do it,
 And more if you desire,
 If you'll only cease your tantrums,
 And quench my ardent fire.

Your c—t is soft and mossy,

Its lips are red and wide,

So climb my little *pony*,

And let us take a ride.

CHORUS— For soon we'll be married, &c.

So come, now, let me do it,

Or with passion I shall choke.

SHE. Then let your *passion* rise.

Now can you see the joke?

HE. I'll try to find the joke

If you let me see the *joker*,

And to make your *fire* burn,

I'll stir it with my *poker*.

SHE. CHORUS— But wait until we're, &c.

HE. I'll row you up Salt River,

Nor cease until I stop;

I'll lay you down so gently,

And place myself on top.

SHE. I'll no longer do without it,

For soon I'll be your bride,

So come, be quick about it,

BOTH. And we'll both take a ride.

CHORUS.

So never mind the marry

Never mind the marry,

Never mind the marry,

And we'll both take a ride.

I'D CHOOSE TO BE A BABY.

A PARODY ON

"I'd chose to be a Daisy."

I'd choose to be a baby,
A budding little flower,
My eyelids closing softly
At early evening hour.
The girls would feel my *snapper*,
They'd kiss it and they'd vow
'Twas sweet as any sugar—
They dare not do it now.

CHORUS

I'd like to have them try it,
Or with my pecker play,
For now I'm grown to manhood,
I'd f—k them every day.

They'd even strip and dress me
And kiss my a—e, I vow,
Then raise my little *snapper*—
Why don't they do it now ?
For now it's grown much bigger,
And would do them so much good,
I think I'd try to f—k them—
In fact, I know I should.

CHORUS—I'd like to have them, &c.

And e'en as I grew older,
They'd to my bedside creep,
And clasp me to their throbbing breasts,
And scarcely let me sleep.
Their bellies they would press to mine,
And call me little runt ;
They'd take my little slender arm,
And run it up their c—ts.

CHORUS—I'd like to have them try it, &c.

Now, if they'd only try it,
Or practice those old tricks,
Or even show a signal,
I'd *get them in a fix* ;
For if they love babies,
And long so much to take one,
I'd *jump* the opportunity,
And quickly would I make one.

THE RAKISH RHYMER**CHORUS.**

I'd like to have them try it,
A budding little flower,
My eyelids closing softly
At early evening hour, &c.

THE END.

TITLES OF THE PIECES

CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK

	Pages.
Stop the Cart!	1
There's a Good Time Coming, Boys.	5
The Catalogue	8
Paddy Miles and the Mermaid	12
Gutta Percha Things	16
The Wife's Randy Dream	18
The Frisky Country Lass	20
The Mysteries of London	24
Betty and Joe	27
Jobson Brown	28
The Idiot Boy.	32
The Spanish Giant.	35
Timothy Brown, the Tailor.	38
She's Gentle as a Tiger	41
The Cartoons.	43
So, I said to Myself	47
The Boarding School.	50
The Royal Passage.	55
Yarhoo Doodle	60

	Pages.
The Two Cotton Balls	63
The Frankfort Affair	66
Who'll Stroke my Cat?	70
The Water-spout	72
Lamentations of a Deserted P—	75
Jack Aboard of a Little Frigate	77
The Holy Friar : or, Driving the Devil Out	80
The Squire's Thingumbob, and Kitty's What you call it	82
The Parson's Clerk's Upright	85
Freemasonry	87
Tim Finigan Wakes	90
When This Old Coat was New.	92
Couldn't Stand the Press.	94
Whack ! Row-de-dow !	97
The Joy of the Brave	100
Good Old Times.	103
All Amongst the Leaves so Green, O.	106
Goose Hangs High	109
O ! Dear, What Can the Matter Be?	110
A Parody	111
She Had a Taking Way	113
I'm Going to Get a Fagle	115
Parody	117
Annie and her Tail.	120
The Old Whore's Lament	122
Parody	124
The Irishman's Breeches	126
Hoop-te-doo-den-doo	128
To a Lady	130
Dixie's Land	131
A Little More F—cking	134
The Female Auctioneer	137

	Pages.
F—cking on the Sly	138
Is it Anybody's Business?	142
To a Whore in Doubful Health	144
A Roué's Apology	145
Parody	146
My Own Darling Kate.	149
The Bear-ass Ride	151
Wait Till we're Married	155
I'd Choose to be a Baby	158

ENGLISH BOOKS

Fine Editions for the Select Few

The Bride's Confession (Lord Byron) : Racy, amusing Poems.

Sweet Seventeen : Smart Story of Modern Life, 4 copper plates.

Russian Racy Stories : 76 of them, with 7 coloured plates and many black and white sketches. (Bold. Gay).

The Perfumed Garden of the Shaiyk Nafzawi, with Foreword.

The Mysteries of Conjugal Love, by Dr. Venette. Complete English edition.

Ethnology of the Sixth Sense. A study of the Power that is Man (one fine, stout vol. 400 pp.)

The Diary of a Lady's Maid : Powerful novel, illust.

The Delectable Nights of Straparola : 2 vols. 50 coloured plates and 97 other illusts., tales of amorous adventure and gaiety.

Mansour : A Romance of Rape with Violence, by Hect. France, 8 illusts. by Bazeilhac.

Nell in Bridewell : How Women were treated in German Prisons in 1848.

Aphrodite, by Pierre Louys, complete trans. 97 fine illusts. Famous Novel.

Boccaccio's Tales, complete. illust. (cloth.)

Oscar Wilde : *Dorian Gray*, only illustrated ed.

Revelations of Miss Darcy, curious vol. on the birch (Rare.)

Merrie Stories. *Les Cent Nouvelles* (100), rollicking tales of joyous women (500 p.) 50 illustrations.

Balzac's Droll Stories, with 50 illustrations by Gustave Doré.

Ananga Ranga : trans. by R. F. B. (Fine Copy). [27]

Bypaths in Bookland : study of 60 Rare, Forbidden Works, long Extracts and Analyses.

What Never Dies (Barbey d'Aureville), Potent story of an unlawful passion (Curious).

Rabelais, complete works, stout volume, illust. (cloth).

The Master Force : 5 stories of virile Passion.

The Rakish Rhymers, riotous, racy recitations and ballads. The limit in spiciness. Rare.

Cheques to be crossed. Bank-notes registered. Orders executed the same day. Persons who have sent orders without a reply should write at once.

Catalogue of English Books, New and Old, for 0 fr. 50